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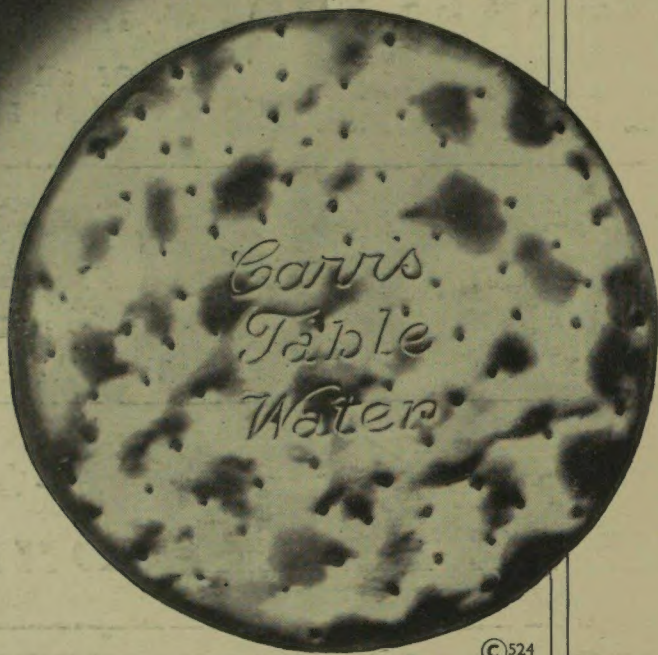
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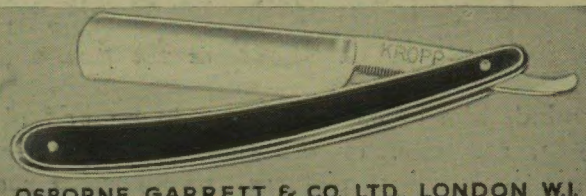
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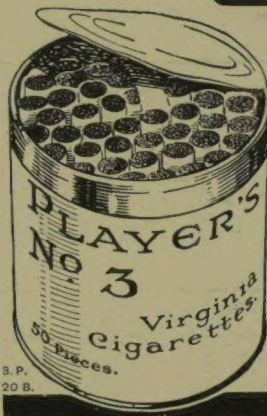


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SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1934.

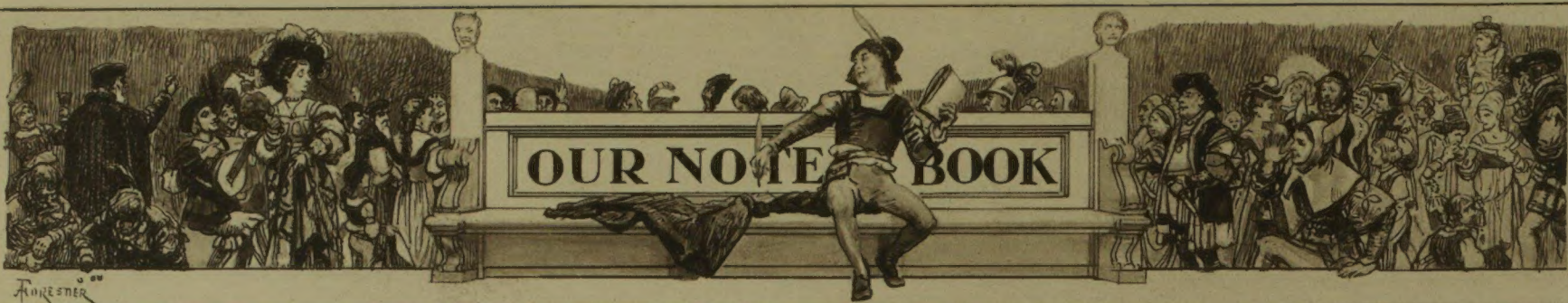


CONQUEROR OF THE CRAVEN POT-HOLERS: GAPING GHYLL—STILL UNENTERED BY WAY OF THE RAT-HOLE.

Gaping Ghyll, the deepest pot-hole in England, in the southern slopes of Ingleborough, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, has again defeated investigators seeking to enter its main chamber by way of the "rat-hole," a small opening to the north-west of the main shaft. The Skipton correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" wrote on Sunday that for the past fortnight members of the Craven Pot-hole Club had done their utmost, but that weather conditions had forced them to give up. He continued: "A year ago the club made its first attempt, and the narrow, twisting passage was followed from the opening to a point where

there is a sheer drop of about 320 feet. This has never yet been descended, and the objective was to carry roped ladders specially designed for the purpose to this point and drop them to the floor of the main chamber below." The driest conditions are needed: hence the failure. Another year, at least, will pass before the pot-holers will be able to try again. The main chamber (here illustrated), whose floor is 360 feet below moor-level, is 500 feet long, 82 feet wide, and 20 feet high. Down the shaft fall the waters of the mysterious Fell Beck, whose course underground to Beck Head, in the sylvan glade of Clapdale, remains unknown.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. SIMPSON.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHAT puzzles me about much popular science and progressive education, as given in World-Histories and Outlines of Everything and in a good many talks on the wireless, is substantially this. They seem to be endlessly explaining things which do not need explaining; or explain themselves. Of course, there are mysteries behind these things, as behind all things. But so far from solving those mysteries, they generally deny the very existence of the mysteries merely because they are mystical. But they tell elaborate and complicated tales, quite unsupported by any scientific evidence, to explain why a man should do what a man always does, because they do not want to admit the alternative explanation; that there really is such a thing as a man. Take, for instance, our old friend and jolly companion, The Cave-Man. Pretty nearly all we know about the cave-men is that they drew pictures in caves. There are a great many very interesting things we do not know about them; as, for instance, how they managed to light up the caves, often remote from daylight, unless they were much more civilised than most of their critics give them credit for. But I do not complain of not knowing things, or of anybody else who confesses to not knowing them; I complain of explaining them by a story which is a string of other things we do not know, but attempts to explain away the things we do know.

Thus these popularisers of anthropology, of whom Mr. Gerald Heard is perhaps the outstanding type, tell us first that a man was originally a monkey, which may be true, for all I know or care, as regards his material extraction. Then they try to explain how a monkey became a man; and find themselves compelled to explain how a man became an artist. They try to make it as easy as possible for him, by inventing an ingenious story about how he once saw an accidental discoloration of the cavern walls, which only needed a touch or two from the human artist to become the complete and convincing portrait of an elk, or whatever it might be. They have not a speck of evidence to support this story, any more than I should have if I chose to say, out of my own head, that Napoleon Bonaparte was secretly married to Jane Austen; or that the Archbishop of Canterbury keeps a gambling hell in Greek Street, Soho. It is simply imagination and invention, two excellent things in their place; but their place in this argument is to make it credible that the monkey-man should have done what he certainly did do; that is, produce somebody somehow who could learn how to draw.

But, in fact, it does not get over the difficulty at all. Or, rather, if we suppose it has been got over in any such manner, then there never was any difficulty. If the man was a monkey, he could not draw; even if the whole cave has been one arabesque and labyrinth of lines inviting artistic completion, by anyone with a sense of design. We all know that, in fact, a chimpanzee would not complete them; because a chimpanzee has not got a sense of design. If the monkey was a man, then I cannot for the life

of me see why he should not have drawn pictures for fun, after the ordinary manner of a man; or why it is necessary to provide him with all these elaborate promptings and provocations, which a monkey would not respond to, and which a man would not require. Just as we know that you could give a chimpanzee a thousand unfinished pictures without disturbing his fine tranquillity, so we know that you can give a child a chalk and a piece of paper and he will begin to draw pictures on it straight away. Between the chimpanzee and the child, between the mind of one and the mind of the other, it is obvious that there must have been a very mysterious transition; if there was ever any transition at all. But the popular

recited prayers, or buried the dead with some antiquated antics of ritual. The anthropologists, with their almost equally antiquated antics, always go through two stages of their rationalistic ritual; both equally unsatisfactory. They brag of explaining the first riddle, which they have not explained; and they begin eagerly to explain the second riddle, which explains itself. Adopting the hypothesis that the cave-man was, as his name would seem to imply, a man . . . there is no particular need to speculate on the multifarious ways in which he might have made his first experiments in drawing a reindeer, or taming a reindeer, or cooking a reindeer. It is fun to make up such stories, as to make up any other stories; but we make them all up out of our own head, because it is (as already explained) a human head. But it is no more extraordinary or incredible that the cave-men should enjoy making up the pictures, than that we should enjoy making up the stories. But when it is taken seriously as a scientific certainty, and after that as a moral philosophy—then it is not fun; it is only funny.

It all began with an older generation of very bigoted people who insisted on regarding certain kinds of action, and especially ceremonial or ritual or religious action, as intrinsically inexplicable and unnatural; a thing requiring some elaborate and extraordinary explanation. This wild and wicked thing, called religious ritual, having somehow undeniably got into the history of the world and among the habits of human beings, it was supposed that we must be all asking ourselves, "How on earth did this monstrous thing ever happen? How on earth did our fathers come to tolerate a thing that seems so pointless and futile to us?" Gradually the group of bigots has been discovering that, as a simple matter of fact, it does not seem pointless and futile to all of us; possibly not even to most of us. There

is no particular need to explain the instinct in theory; because a very large number of us still follows it in practice. It is as if these bigots had been blind men, or colour-blind men, or men at least incapable of enjoying line and colour; and had, therefore, started telling cock and bull stories to account for the cave-man's incredible craze or craving to draw a bull or a cock. Anybody who has ever enjoyed drawing anything feels quite certain that the cave-man enjoyed drawing the bull. If the lines had been letters, in a known language, if the figures had been hieroglyphics in a recognised alphabet, they could not have conveyed that statement more definitely and distinctly than it is conveyed by the lines of the prehistoric artist to anybody who knows anything about art. He may have drawn it partly because a blotch on the wall called for completion; he may have drawn it partly because it was supposed by some superstition to lure animals to death; he may have done it in relation to a thousand other things of which we know nothing, and can probably never know anything. But most certainly he may have done it because he enjoyed doing it; for if he was a creature who could do it, he was a creature who could enjoy it.



THE BUFFS COMMEMORATE THEIR MEN WHO DIED IN THE WAR: THE BAND LEADING THE REGIMENT FROM CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL AFTER THE SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE.

The annual service of remembrance in honour of the 6500 men of all ranks of the Buffs who gave their lives in the Great War was held in Canterbury Cathedral on August 12. At the same time a similar service was being held for the 1st Battalion at Maymyo, in Burma. Two thousand serving Regular and Territorial members and old comrades of the Regiment marched from the Depot to the Cathedral, and, after the service, the congregation walked in single file past the regimental war memorial and the Book of Life in the Warriors' Chapel.

evolutionists do not solve that mystery, or even treat it as a mystery; they slur it over by talk about slow modification or mutable environment, in order to suggest that we have all the materials for explaining it in a materialistic way which is false. Then, when it has taken place, they suddenly start explaining a set of new mysteries, which are not mysteries at all. They first pretend to have proved exactly how a beast became a man; which they have not done. And they then begin to enquire earnestly why a man behaved like a man; when there was no longer anything else for him to do. They invent rather far-fetched and fanciful stories, about some odd necessity or some curious accident, to explain exactly how a human being was tempted or prompted or prodded into doing something, which he might have done for a hundred other reasons, if he was already human enough to do it at all.

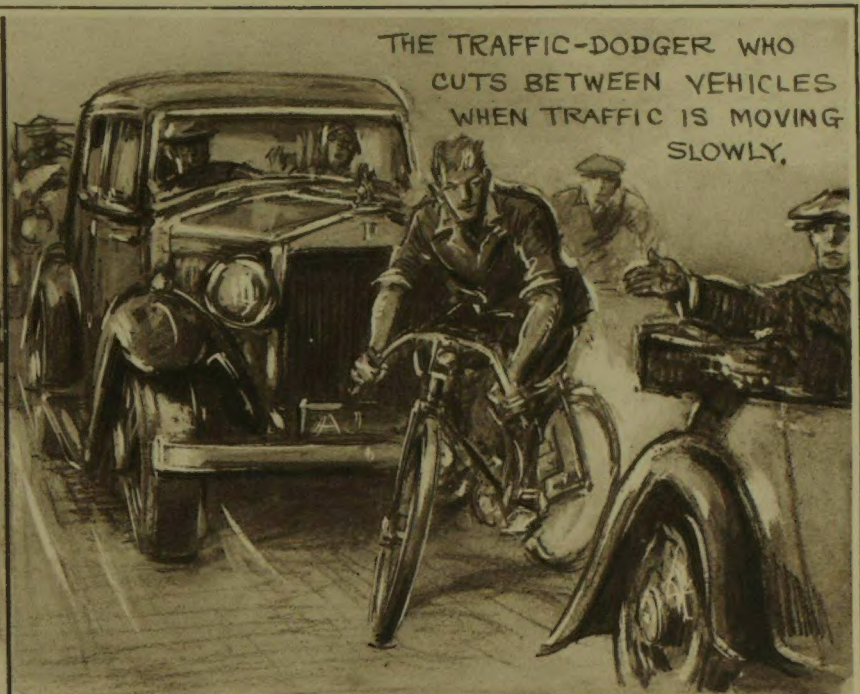
In short, scientifically speaking, I do not know how a lump of clay or an animal or anything else came to possess what I call a human head, inhabited by what I call a human mind. But when once he had a human mind, I am not in the smallest degree surprised or puzzled because he drew pictures, or

CYCLING DANGEROUSLY: PRACTICES CONDEMNED BY THE TRANSPORT MINISTER.

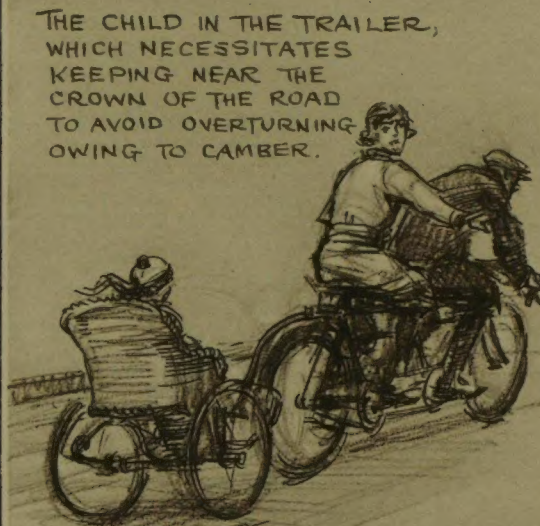
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



RIDING THREE AND FOUR ABREAST, MAKING IT DANGEROUS FOR FASTER TRAFFIC TO PASS.



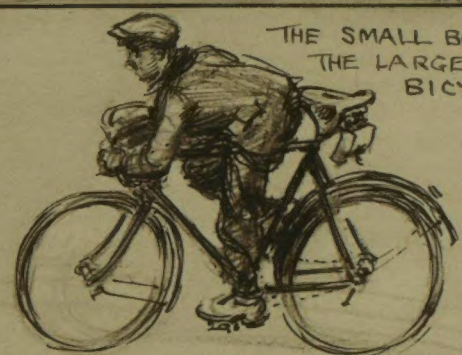
THE TRAFFIC-DODGER WHO CUTS BETWEEN VEHICLES WHEN TRAFFIC IS MOVING SLOWLY.



THE CHILD IN THE TRAILER, WHICH NECESSITATES KEEPING NEAR THE CROWN OF THE ROAD TO AVOID OVERTURNING OWING TO CAMBER.



THE WOBBLER WHO LOOKS ROUND—PUTTING THE CYCLE OUT OF CONTROL.



THE SMALL BOY ON THE LARGE-SIZE BICYCLE.



THE DELIVERY BOY WHO CONSIDERS THAT HE BEARS A CHARMED LIFE.



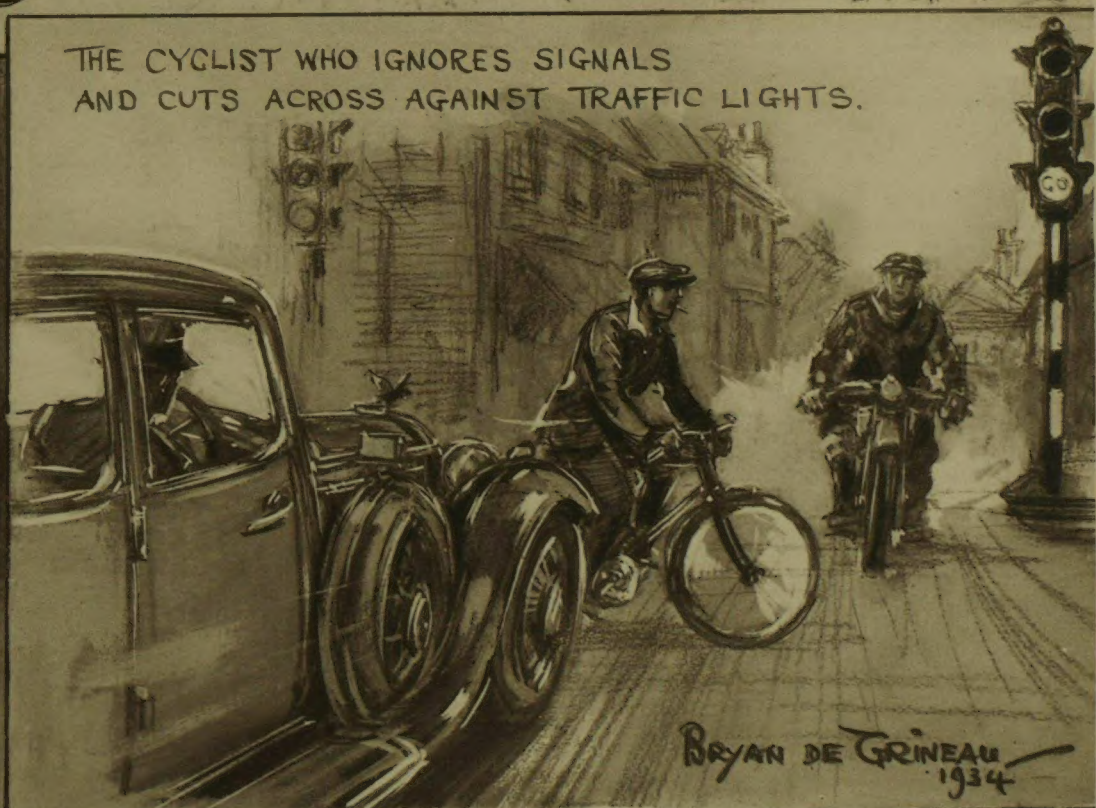
"UNSTEADILY, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER".



THE CHILD ON THE HANDLEBARS IS SAFETY LAST.



THE UNLIGHTED, INVISIBLE NIGHT RIDER, WITH INEFFICIENT REFLECTOR.



THE CYCLIST WHO IGNORES SIGNALS AND CUTS ACROSS AGAINST TRAFFIC LIGHTS.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU 1934

ROAD-USERS WHOSE THOUGHTLESSNESS MAY COST THE LIVES OF THEMSELVES AND OF OTHERS: RECKLESS RIDING THAT MAY LEAD TO AN ORDER COMPELLING CYCLISTS TO KEEP TO DEFINED TRACKS.

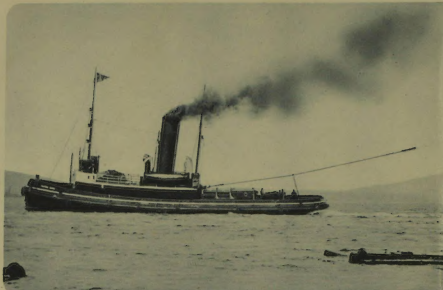
As mentioned in our last issue, Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport, personally investigated traffic conditions round London on Bank Holiday, and drew attention to certain practices that are potentially dangerous. Every class of road-user—motorists, motor-cyclists, cyclists and pedestrians—may be guilty of carelessness which endangers life. Here we deal with faults that may be

committed by cyclists, who number more than eight million in this country and so form the largest class of vehicular traffic. It is of interest to add that the experiment of special cycling tracks is to be tried at once by the Middlesex County Council. Along Western Avenue, between Hanger Lane and Greenford Road, there are to be tracks eight feet wide on either side of the existing road.



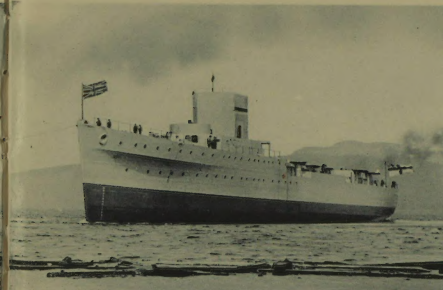
THE VISIT OF SOVIET AEROPLANES TO FRANCE: THE ARRIVAL AT LE BOURGET—
ONE OF THE HUGE RUSSIAN MACHINES SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.
Three huge Russian aeroplanes landed at Le Bourget aerodrome on August 7. Their ceremonial visit returned that paid by M. Pierre Cot (then Air Minister) to Russia last September. The Soviet machines are monoplane, and propelled by four motors. M. Unsicht, Chief of Soviet Civil Aviation, accompanied them. The correspondent who sends this photograph states that there was talk of the machines joining in manoeuvres with French aircraft.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER:



A NEW 5200-TON CRUISER LAUNCHED: THE "GALATEA" (FIRST OF THE SMALLEST
The cruiser "Galatea" was launched from the yard of Scott's Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, at Greenock, on August 9. The launching ceremony was performed by Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart. The "Galatea" is the first of the three cruisers to be built under the 1932 programme, and will be put into commission next year. She is designed for a displacement of 5200 tons, representing the smallest

PICTORIAL NEWS OF THE DAY.



CLASS OF CRUISER BEING BUILT FOR THE BRITISH NAVY: TOWED TO HER BERTH.
The class of cruiser recently built for the Navy. Her armament will include 6-in. and 4-in. guns, and she will carry a seaplane catapult. At the luncheon given after the launch, Mr. Robert L. Scott spoke of the scarcity of skilled workmen in British shipyards, which was such that there was a sudden demand for tonnage, naval or mercantile, the men to do the work rapidly would not be forthcoming.



THE FORTIETH SEASON OF PROMENADE CONCERTS CONDUCTED BY SIR HENRY WOOD:
THE GREAT ENGLISH CONDUCTOR; AND THE PACKED AUDITORIUM.
The Queen's Hall was packed when the Fortieth Season of Promenade Concerts conducted by Sir Henry Wood opened there on August 11. Sir Henry himself received a tremendous ovation. Both Elgar and Holst were represented in the programme, the former by the Prelude to "The Kingdom," the latter by three of "The Planets." Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol" were also given; and Miss Maggie Teyte sang Min's air from "La Bohème."



THE FLEESCITE ON HERR HITLER'S LEADERSHIP IN GERMANY: SEPARATING MEN RECORDING
THEIR VOTES IN ADVANCE AT A GERMAN PORT.
Serious propaganda for the plebiscite (on August 19) on the assumption of the Presidential powers by the Chancellor, Herr Hitler—now Leader and Chancellor—began in Germany last week. From August 14 on, speeches by prominent people were broadcast daily. Mass demonstrations were held in most of the big cities. We here illustrate another detail in the methodical arrangements made to show the world that Herr Hitler has every German behind him.



THE FIRST MOTOR-SHIP ON THE CROSS-CHANNEL SERVICE: THE "PRINCE
BAUDOUIN," WHICH HAS BEGUN RUNNING FROM DOVER TO OSTEND.
The "Prince Baudouin," the first motorship to be used on the cross-Channel service, arrived at Dover on August 13, and later in the day took her place on the regular service between Dover and Ostend. At a luncheon on board, M. Van, managing director of the Belgian Department of Marine, said that at present the vessel was the fastest mailboat of her type in the world.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BARRIETS: CASTEL MERETMONT, WHERE HIS ROYAL
HIGHNESS IS STAYING.
The Prince of Wales arrived at Barris on August 2, attended by Major J. R. Aird, of the Grenadier Guards. His Royal Highness was welcomed by the Sub-Prefect of Bayonne, but there was no official reception. The Prince left immediately for Castel Meretmont, where he is staying—a charming residence illustrated here. The Prince recently accepted an invitation for November—for the Royal Institute of British Architects' Centenary Banquet.



THE EXPULSION OF POLISH MINERS FROM FRANCE FOLLOWING A STRIKE: THE EXPELLED
FAMILIES ABOUT TO LEAVE, UNDER THE EYES OF THE POLICE.
Fifty Polish miners, who had taken part in an extraordinary "strike" at the bottom of the mine they were working in, in North France, were expelled from the village of Leforest on August 12. The miners had been given forty-eight hours to leave. They were accompanied by sixty-eight women and girls, and some sixty children of various ages. Distressing scenes were witnessed, as the miners despaired of finding work quickly on their return to Poland.



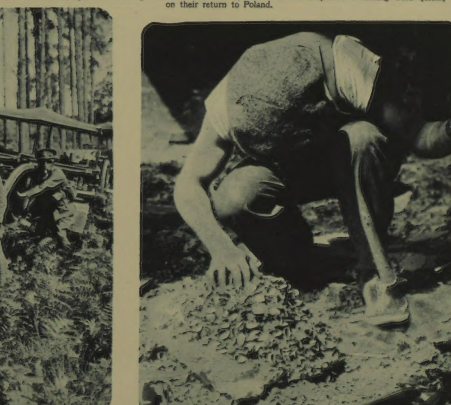
THE THIRTEENTH—GROUSE SHOOTING STARTS A DAY LATE: COLONEL SIR ARCHIBALD LYLE
COUNTING THE BAG.
Since Sunday fell on August 12 this year, the grouse-shooting season opened a day late. A good season was anticipated on many of the moors, both in England and Scotland, for birds are plentiful and strong, but rain and mist were very prevalent on August 13, and, in some places, the first day's bags were disappointing. It was reported, however, that not since before the war had so many



GROUSE SHOOTING BEGINS ON MONDAY—THE 13TH FALLING ON A SUNDAY: COLONEL SIR ARCHIBALD LYLE'S
SHOOTING PARTY AT RIEMORE, PERTSHIRE, WHERE GOOD SPORT WAS OBTAINED—THE PARTY AT LUNCH.
sportsmen been out on the Scottish moors. Bags in Scotland were heavy. Aeroplanes and express trains, according to custom, brought the season's first grouse to London, and one restaurant received some from Yorkshire in time to be served for lunch. By the evening numbers had arrived, and several London restaurants gave grouse dinners on August 13.



EXERCISES OF THE REGULAR ARMY ON THE LINES OF THE RETREAT FROM MONS: GAS-MASKED GUNNERS OF
A FIELD BATTERY PREPARING FOR ACTION NEAR CAMERLEY DURING 2ND DIVISION MANOEUVRES.
The large-scale exercises of the Regular Army opened in the Aldenham district on August 13. This year there is to be a series of three exercises carried out by the 2nd Division under Major-General H. C. Jackson. The opening manoeuvres took the form of a retreat—one which was described as having "a strong flavor of August 1914." Usually the Army is trained for an advance. The new Field-Service uniforms were worn by some of the troops participating, but not by those shown here.



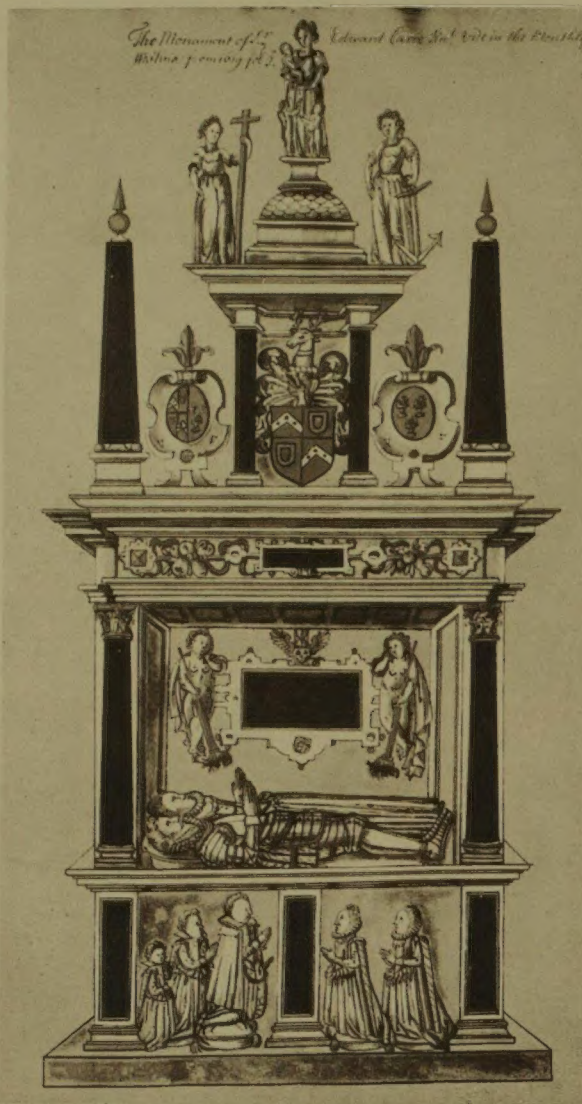
SHELLS PACKED BETWEEN A CEILING AND A FLOOR OF CHESTERFIELD HOUSE: A DISCOVERY MADE DURING ITS DEMOLITION.
Chesterfield House, Mayfair, formerly the London home of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harwood, is being pulled down, to be replaced by a great block of flats. During its demolition, on August 12, it was found that the entire space between a floor and a ceiling was packed with shells.

BY A TOMB-MAKER WHO BOWED TO AUTHORITY: NEWLY-FOUND COLT DESIGNS.

ARTICLE BY MRS. ESDAILE. PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN AT THE COLLEGE OF ARMS FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

A letter in "The Times" of Monday announced the formation of an influential organisation, called "Sculptured Memorials and Headstones," whose object it is to raise the standard of our graveyard and church memorials. For that reason, particular interest attaches to the newly-discovered Colt designs here reproduced and to the following article.

IN November 1618, the Earl Marshal issued a proclamation (just discovered among the archives of the College of Arms) ordering that, owing to the "sinister" activities of pretenders to the science of heraldry, all carvers, masons, and tomb-makers were henceforth to send in copies of their designs to the College of Arms, there to have their arms and epitaphs checked by the Herald. Evidence that the order was, nominally at least, in force at the end of the seventeenth century appeared in "The Times" of May 29, 1929, in which the present writer showed that William Stanton and Grinling Gibbons were in touch with Dugdale and "Mr. Cromp" over monuments with which they were concerned: the proclamation of 1618 proves that their so



TYPICAL OF THE DRAWINGS IN COLT'S "BOOKE OF MONUMENTS" (1619), NEWLY-FOUND: THE SCULPTOR'S DESIGN FOR THE MONUMENT TO SIR EDWARD CARRE, KT.

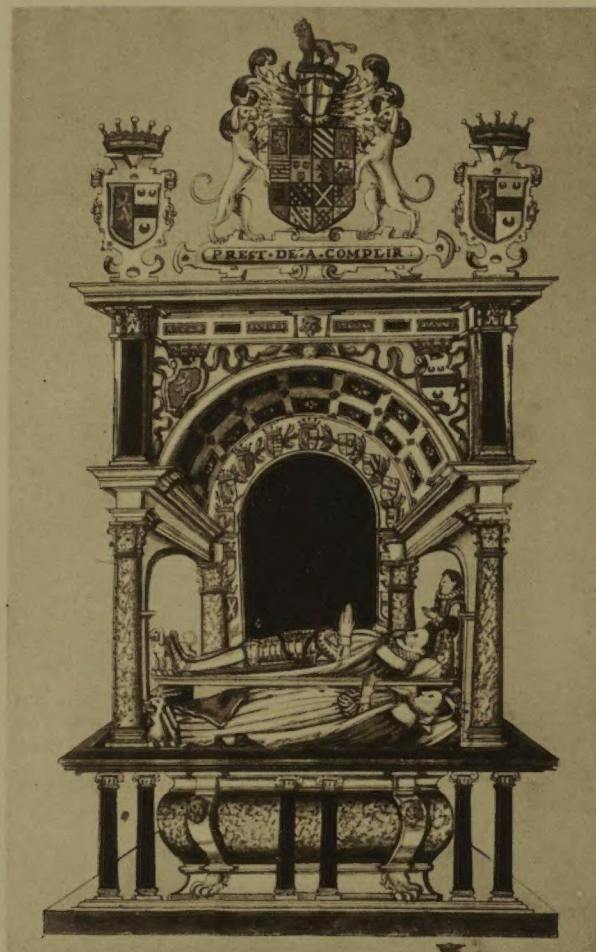
The figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity in this design for the monument to Sir Edward Carre, Kt., at Sleaford, Lincs., are virtually repeated in another drawing in the "Booke"; an unfinished design for a monument to the Grantham family. The pointed pyramids, emblems of Eternity, are good examples of Milton's "starry-pointing pyramids."



THE MONUMENT TO MARTHA ST. GEORGE, DAUGHTER OF SIR RICHARD ST. GEORGE, CLARENCEUX.

This design is of particular importance in that it enables the noble tomb of Milton's Countess of Derby, at Harefield, Middlesex, to be identified as a work by Colt. In the case of the Countess, who is stretched on a bed of state, the hair is loose, like that of Martha St. George, under her coronet, and the hair of her daughters, who are kneeling below, is also flowing.

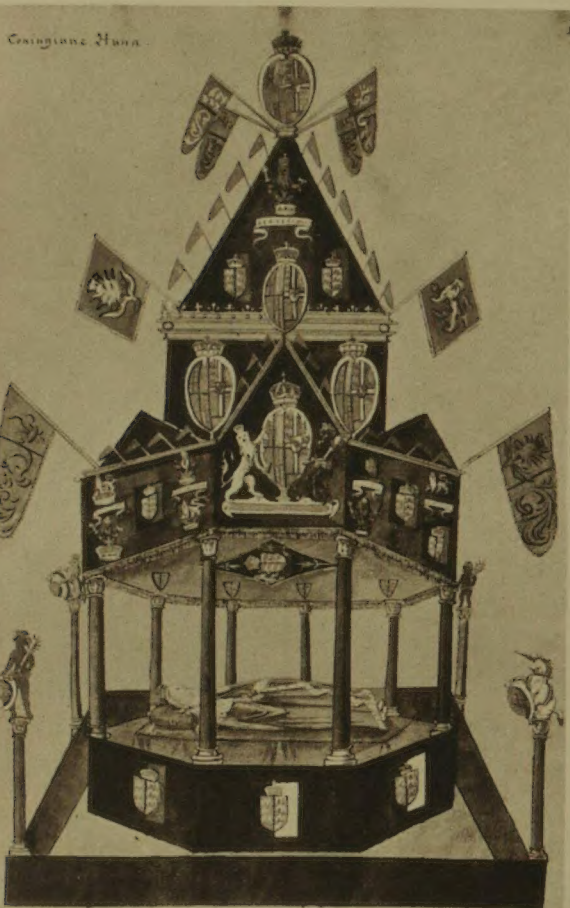
was exposed at the exhibition—his design for the monument to Edward, Earl of Shrewsbury (d. 1618), in Westminster Abbey. This work was long since ascribed to the sculptor by the present writer on stylistic grounds; as were also the monuments drawn by Colt on ff. 17 and 37 of the "Booke," the inserted working drawing of the tomb to the Buskins, of Gore Court, Otham, and the John Herdson at Folkestone on pp. 150, 152. Folio 37, with the drawing of the monument of Martha St. George (here reproduced), is even more important as confirming another unpublished attribution to the sculptor—that of the great tomb of Milton's Countess of Derby at Harefield, Middlesex, a work based on Colt's long experience of royal hearses, with its great armorial canopy above, its effigy as of a form laid out for burial, and its long-haired maidens (duplicates of Martha St. George) kneeling in niches round the base. Two of the most elaborate monuments depicted in the book—one to the Grantham family, the other at Sleaford—the writer has not seen, but the name of Colt springs to mind at sight of the drawings, and the same is true of the Ley of Teffont



COLT'S DESIGN FOR THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY MONUMENT TO EDWARD, EARL OF SHREWSBURY. (D. 1618.)

This fine design, with its lion-banded sarcophagus, its slab supported on three pairs of Ionic columns, its colossal canopy, and its large inscription tablet, was long since identified by Mrs. Esdaille as being by Colt. A comparison of this drawing with the tomb in Westminster Abbey, which was recently cleaned, shows how much the original colours have been dimmed by three hundred years of exposure to London smoke. This design is on that page of the sculptor's "Booke of Monuments" which was exposed to view at the recent Commemorative Exhibition at the College of Arms.

Ewyas, on f. 15, which can be shown to be not later than 1619, the year in which the Eques Auratus of the inscription became a baronet. The discovery of a series of monumental drawings by the greatest sculptor of his age is an event in English art: that it confirms so many attributions made on stylistic grounds alone is evidence that the study of the subject is proceeding on the right lines. Space forbids detail: suffice it that this unique volume has been shown for the first time, with the proclamation which occasioned it. The discoverer of both, to say nothing of the College of Arms, is warmly to be congratulated, and by no one more than the writer, who, after many years of studying and classifying the works of Colt, had given up all hope of seeing a drawing from the hand of the sculptor. Colt, fleeing as a youth from Arras, in 1595, to join his elder brother in this country, began his public career with the monument of Queen Elizabeth, became Carver to two Kings, and was alive in 1641, with a sculptor nephew in place of the son he had lost.



COLT'S DESIGN FOR THE HEARSE OF QUEEN ANNE OF DENMARK AND HER EFFIGY.

Colt received his Patent as Sculptor to the King (James I. of England and VI. of Scotland) on July 28, 1608; so, naturally, he was commanded to design this hearse at the death of Anne of Denmark on March 2, 1619. His fee was £20, and this included the chest for the effigy, the "engraving of the copper plate," and the making of moulds for the coats of arms, which were of plaster. Royal hearses such as these were usually "exposed for a certain Time to the publick view," as a rare tract on Cromwell's funeral has it. The effigies themselves were kept in Westminster Abbey.

doing was a necessary part of a sculptor's duty. A second discovery, which was on view until July 26 at the recent Commemorative Exhibition at the College of Arms, with the proclamation itself, shows the immediate response on the part of the head of the profession in England. "The Booke of Monuments, 1619," a vellum-bound folio marked I.I. of the Earl Marshal's Books, contains eight coloured drawings of early seventeenth and eighteenth century monuments and their epitaphs, and an index, in the hand of Gregory King (d. 1712), which shows that nothing is missing. A later owner used it as a monumental scrap-book. That the coloured drawings are the work of Maximillian Colt, Carver to the Crown, is certain, since the first leaves show us the hearse of Queen Anne of Denmark, for which Colt received the sum of £20, in 1619. At the head of the page the sculptor, returning to the speech of his youth, when he was only young Poultrain (= Colt) of Arras, inscribed the words "Coninginne Anna." On folio 7 of the book is one of the drawings here given as representing Colt's art, the one that

"THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS": A SEASONABLE SERIES OF BLAMPIED DRAWINGS.

DRAWINGS SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"SHE'S FIRST IN."

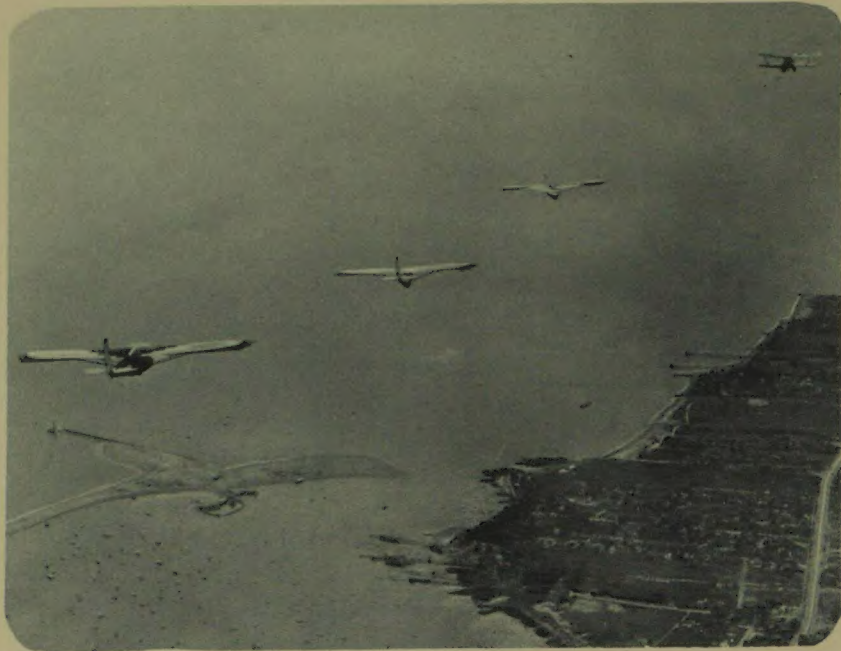


"BY GAD! GIRLS, THIS IS AN ANGEL OF A MORNING AND THE AIR'S LIKE CHAMPAGNE."

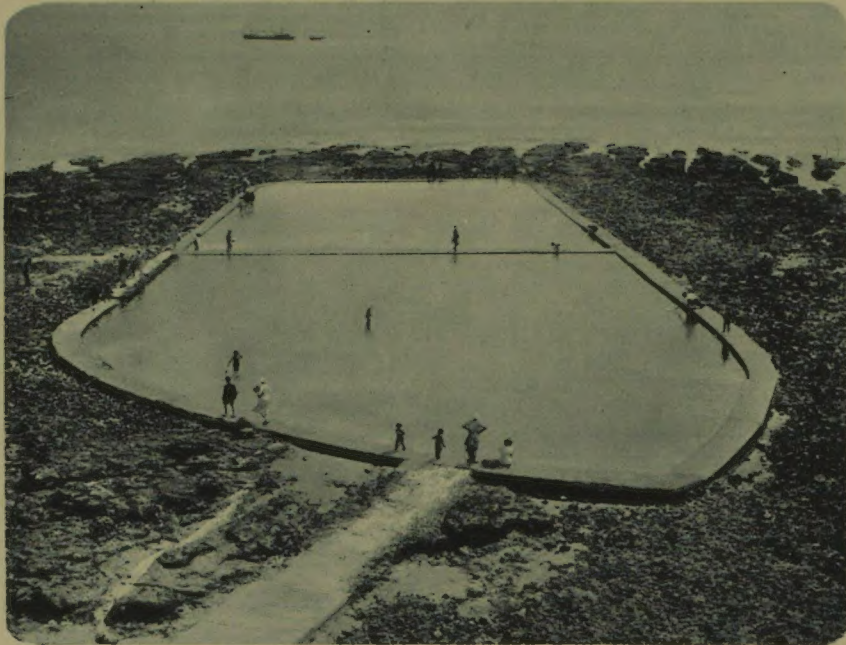
Our readers will recall the former series of Blampied drawings published in our pages. The artist, who has been appropriately called the "English Daumier," exhibits a great talent in depicting the everyday life of our islands. That being so, we here initiate

another series of Blampied drawings which will deal with holiday-making and the summer season in general. Here we show the delights of the seashore, where the "white wild horses play, Champ and chafe and toss in the spray."

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: NOTABLE EVENTS AND INNOVATIONS.



A GLIDER - TRAIN OF THREE "MAIL VANS" WITH A BIPLANE AS "LOCOMOTIVE": AN AMERICAN AIR-MAIL TRIAL BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.
An air-train of three gliders towed by a biplane left New York on August 2 for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. It was planned that one glider should be detached from the train at each of the three cities; the "locomotive" aeroplane remaining in the air. Strong head winds, however, used up so much of the biplane's fuel that all the gliders had to descend at Philadelphia, which they did without mishap.



A SEASHORE INNOVATION AT BROADSTAIRS—AND DECIDEDLY A NOVELTY: A CONCRETE PADDLING POOL FOR CHILDREN, SAFER ON THE BEACH THAN IN THE SEA.
Great efforts have been made of recent years to give to English holiday-makers new means of enjoying themselves in the water. Seaside resorts, not content with their natural advantages in this respect, have gone further and built bathing-pools which shall not be subject to the vagaries of the weather. In our last issue we showed Southport's latest venture in this direction. Here we give a photograph of a distinctly novel idea inaugurated at Broadstairs.



THE AMERICAN STRATOSPHERE VENTURE: THE DAMAGED BALLOON FALLING—TORN FABRIC PILED ON THE GONDOLA.
The stratosphere balloon which went up in Dakota was damaged eleven miles up and crashed. In our last issue we illustrated the ascent, and the wreckage of the envelope. We here show the balloon while it was falling, with fabric piled on top of the gondola; 7000 feet below is seen Nebraska, where the balloonists safely landed by parachute.



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT TREASURE OF THE WEEK: A BUST OF MME. DE POMPADOUR'S DAUGHTER.
There is little reason to doubt that this bust is a portrait of Alexandrine d'Etioles, the little daughter of Madame de Pompadour, who died in 1754, aged eleven. The sculptor was Jacques François Saly (1717-1776). He did much work in Denmark; and was appointed Director of the Academy of Fine Art, Copenhagen, in 1754.



A NEW ITALIAN TOWN HONOURED BY THE ITALIAN NAVY: AN ANCHOR WAR-MEMORIAL PRESENTED TO SABAUDIA.
Saubadia, one of the new towns in the reclaimed Pontine Marshes, was recently visited by the second Italian naval squadron commanded by Admiral Foschini. The sailors made a festive progress to the town, and there attended the inauguration of a memorial, in the form of a naval war relic—an anchor taken from an enemy warship, which the Squadron had presented to the town.



THE "BIRD'S-EYE" THAT WILL VIEW LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEMS FROM ALOFT: SCOTLAND YARD'S NEW AUTOGIRO FOR CARRYING OUT TRAFFIC OBSERVATIONS.
An expedient that was originally, we believe, adopted as a means of controlling traffic on Derby Day, has now been tried in the metropolis. Scotland Yard's new autogiro will be used for carrying out observations over traffic-congested areas. The observers will be in wireless touch with the Yard's traffic department. The machine will be permitted to hover low over London. It is also suggested that it might be used for tracking car-bandits.



THE MOTOR-RICKSHAW—EIGHTY MILES TO ONE GALLON!—A 700-RUPEE PUBLIC VEHICLE DESIGNED IN JAPAN, AND HERE SEEN IN USE IN BURMA.
The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "A new motor-rickshaw, which can be driven for about eighty miles on a gallon of petrol, is just being imported into Rangoon from Japan. The price is about 700 rupees (some £50). A young Burmese couple are seen having a joy-ride in one of the new machines." British motor-car manufacturers might perhaps take a hint from the idea.

ROCK CRYSTAL OR — ? AN AMAZING EXAMPLE OF HIGH-SPEED PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD E. EDGERTON AND KENNETH J. GERMESHAUSEN.

**WATER FLOWING FROM A TAP! A SPARK-PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN A HUNDRED-THOUSANDTH PART OF A SECOND.**

The way in which such amazing photographs as these are taken by Messrs. Edgerton and Germeshausen is described on a double-page in this issue of "The Illustrated London News" (pages 246-247).

GOLF STROKES SPARK-PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1/100,000TH OF A SECOND: BENDING CLUBS AND FLATTENED BALLS.

OUR readers will recall that we published in our issue of November 11 last three pages of photographs taken with an exposure of 1/100,000th of a second, examples of the spark-photography of Messrs. Harold E. Edgerton and Kenneth J. Gernsmausen, who have specialised in speed photography in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Further, other specimens of their work in this direction were given in our issue of September 9 last, when they were being shown at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition in London. At that time we wrote of the methods adopted to secure the results: "It can only be said that the technique is new." At the time of our November reproductions we were able to give the following details, which will, we think, bear repetition. "Pictures of this type require, of course, very short exposure times—one fifty-thousandth of a second or less. To build a mechanical shutter giving such short exposures would be difficult, and, if such a shutter were built, there would still be the problem of securing sufficient light properly to illuminate the subject. The method of taking these pictures was to use a short, brilliant flash of light, the total duration of which is the length of exposure desired. With this type of light it is necessary only to open the shutter, flash the light, and then close the shutter again. To secure these intense flashes, electrical energy is stored in a condenser charged to 16,000 volts. This energy is suddenly released in a spark gap, giving a miniature flash of lightning and exposing the film. While the light is on, the illumination directed on the subject is about equivalent to that given by 20,000 500-watt bulbs. The apparatus (Continued above.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD E. EDGERTON

AND KENNETH J. GERNESHAUSEN.



A MOTION PICTURE OF A DRIVE WITH A CLUB WITH A 12-oz. HEAD.—INITIAL CLUB VELOCITY: 137 FT. PER SECOND; FINAL CLUB VELOCITY: 108 FT. PER SECOND; BALL VELOCITY: 178 FT. PER SECOND.



A MOTION PICTURE OF A DRIVE WITH A CLUB WITH AN 8 1/2-oz. HEAD.—INITIAL CLUB VELOCITY: 151 FT. PER SECOND; FINAL CLUB VELOCITY: 113 FT. PER SECOND; BALL VELOCITY: 187 FT. PER SECOND.



A MOTION PICTURE OF A DRIVE WITH A CLUB WITH A 6-oz. HEAD.—INITIAL CLUB VELOCITY: 159 FT. PER SECOND; FINAL CLUB VELOCITY: 123 FT. PER SECOND; BALL VELOCITY: 194 FT. PER SECOND.

(Continued.) operates from a 110-volt 60-cycle supply, and draws about 150 watts; but the instantaneous power is as high as 15,000 or 20,000 kilowatts. This high rate of power-dissipation is obtained by storing the energy in condensers for ten seconds, and discharging it in one hundred-thousandth of a second or less. The intense illumination allows exposures to be made at small apertures, f/11 or less, with the resulting fine detail in the prints. It is necessary also to synchronise accurately the flash of light with the event to be photographed, so that exposure will be made at the proper time. The spark can be controlled by very minute amounts of electrical power, such as that obtained from a photo-cell, which is stepped up by a pulse amplifier and applied to an ionising electrode in the spark gap. An electrical contact such as two small wires so placed that they will be pushed together by the subject is used for most pictures." (Continued below.)



HOW THE SHAFT OF A GOLF CLUB BENDS WHEN ITS HEAD HITS THE GROUND—IN THIS CASE, DUSTY COCONUT MATTING: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH AN EXPOSURE OF RATHER UNDER 1/100,000TH OF A SECOND.



A GOLF CLUB HITTING A GOLF BALL: THE SHAFT OF THE CLUB SEEN TO BEND SLIGHTLY FORWARD, SHOWING THAT THE WHIPPING ACTION HAS CAUSED THE CLUB-HEAD TO SWING AHEAD.

(Continued.) That applies more especially to the photographs of a single stage in, say, the disintegration of an object; but, in general, it may be read in connection with such motion pictures as those given here of drives with golf clubs. Messrs. Edgerton and Gernsmausen write of their motion pictures as follows: "35-mm. high-speed motion picture films are taken at 500 exposures per second with an individual exposure time of less than 1/100,000th of a second. These pictures were taken by a special camera which was developed in the Electrical Engineering Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for studying the motions of electrical machinery. Mercury-arc stroboscope lamps are used to produce the flashing light, which has such a short duration-time that the film in the camera does not need to stop in order to expose a picture."—[Copyright Strictly Reserved.]



AN IRON HITTING A GOLF BALL: ONE OF A SERIES OF SPARK-PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT 500 EXPOSURES A SECOND; WITH AN INDIVIDUAL EXPOSURE TIME OF LESS THAN 1/100,000TH OF A SECOND.



AN IRON HITTING A GOLF BALL: A 1/100,000TH OF A SECOND SPARK-PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW A BALL IS "CUT INTO" BY THE EDGE—NOT FLATTENED, AS SHOWN IN THE NEXT PHOTOGRAPH.



A GOLF BALL FLATTENED BY AN IRON'S FACE: AN ASTONISHING PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE SET TAKEN BY MESSRS. EDGERTON AND GERNESHAUSEN, OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.



A GOLF BALL HIT BY A GOLF CLUB AND FLATTENED—SO THAT THE PAINT CRACKS, AS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH: A SELF-PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BALL, WHICH ITSELF CROSSED AN ELECTRIC CIRCUIT.

EX ORIENTE FLUX.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ONE'S COMPANY," by PETER FLEMING; and "THROUGH RUSSIA BY AIR," by JOHN GRIERSON.*

DISTANCE, we are constantly assured, has been "annihilated"; but it still seems to lend enchantment to the view of a large reading public. The travel-book booms. We trust that its numerous supporters have a genuine thirst for knowledge: we fear, however, that Mr. Fleming would be disposed to regard them as repressed "travel-snobs." They are at least assured of entertainment nowadays, for the travel-book has greatly changed in character. It is no longer objective, but is conceived in a subjective manner which writers like Mr. Aldous Huxley and Mr. Fleming himself have skilfully exploited. These pilgrims enlist our interest far more in their own moods and tenses than in things seen, which, as they rightly perceive, mean nothing by themselves; their postulate—not difficult to grant—is that the observer is more interesting than what he observes.

"I have," writes Mr. Fleming, "a theory that a young man should put himself as frequently as possible in situations where the maximum number of comic things are liable to happen to him." Mr. Fleming's "comic" travels have been of an unusual kind for a man of his age, or, indeed, for a man of any age; but he would have us regard them as experiments in the human comedy, which has, no doubt, complex variations, but all upon the same theme. He writes of the self-deceivers who travel in order to Get Away From It All, and he rightly observes that the "escape" which they seek is illusory. "We do not, to-day, cut loose. We wriggle out of one complicated existence like a snake sloughing its skin, and by the time we have wriggled into the next it has become complicated too. . . . So Getting Away From It All is not such a vivid and delightful experience as it sounds on paper or looks on the screen." Mr. Fleming is jealously on his guard against anything which could possibly be construed as "vivid and delightful," and sometimes he seems a little over-anxious to assure his readers (and himself) of the complete, imperturbable detachment of his attitude. He prefaces his very shrewd, able and original book by a warning that he has no qualifications (in the ordinary sense) for

and the "engagement" with the Reds was a wash-out! This deprecatory tone, taken in the spirit in which it is meant, is a great improvement on the portentousness of a certain type of travel-book of the old school. There is no harm in a pose if it is amusing in itself, and if it is well maintained; and Mr. Fleming maintains his pose not only consistently but with the utmost vivacity. We cry him mercy for mentioning the prosaic circumstance that what he has written about Manchukuo and China is really very informative indeed, and would have been less so if it had been written in any other manner; no forgiveness is needed for mentioning that it is also extremely diverting. It is so diverting that, while we possibly may not re-read the summary of the political situation in Kiangsi, we will

Safely she had traversed the desolate shores of the Caspian, whose barren features would have meant certain catastrophe in the case of a forced landing. Over stretches of endless sand where the only human beings were wandering nomads barely civilised, under the burning sun of Central Asia, old 'Rouge et Noir' had flown unfalteringly on. And when I had been in a tight corner in the unauthorised flight from Aktyubinsk to Stalingrad, she had fully justified my faith in her and pulled me through."

But if there were few mechanical troubles, there were endless difficulties with the Russian authorities, and Mr. Grierson gives an amusing account of them. Tape is peculiarly Red under the Soviet. Permission to fly to Samarkand, via Astrakhan and Tashkent, was obtained only by the intervention of a personage whose name appears to be potent in the U.S.S.R.—Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Grierson's writing is artless, but he maintains a spirited narrative of his experiences in Finland, Russia and Germany; in all three countries he met with much friendly technical assistance, though in Russia it was not always of the most efficient kind. Mr. Grierson's achievement was the more creditable because he suffered, often in the most trying conditions, from obstinate ill-health.

Both writers record impressions, necessarily fleeting, of Russia. Mr. Grierson is somewhat overawed by huge mechanical projects, which, with a not uncommon ingenuousness, he identifies with "progress": but his experience was that all these much-advertised undertakings

could not make the Russian mechanic anything but "a paragon of incompetence," and while he appears to admire Russia's enterprise in making a social experiment, he confesses ruefully that "the under-dog is still the under-dog, and Communism has failed, like so many other poor human dreams, to benefit the masses on the grand scale proposed." Mr. Fleming scouts the two extreme views which regard Russia on the one hand as a paradise, and on the other hand as an inferno. "The portentous experiment is not, as is widely supposed, primarily political and economic; it is primarily psychological. Here you have a people almost none of whose national characteristics can be held likely to contribute in any way towards the success of a project like the Five-Year Plan. Most of them are by nature inefficient, irresponsible and feckless. The enormous practical difficulties involved in rationalising and industrialising Russia—the backwardness of the people, the country's lack of communications and capital—are minor obstacles compared with the fundamental components of the national character and outlook. Can the

Russian peasant be galvanised into something approaching robot-hood? Can he, on the crest of a wave of enthusiasm or at the point of a G.P.U. pistol, slough off his native apathy, his charming but hopeless inconsequence, and turn go-getter?" For a time, perhaps (thinks Mr. Fleming), but not for long. "It is remarkable what a great deal is perpetually on the point of being done in Russia." "Why do they never carry things off?" In the same way Mr. Fleming finds that "ineffectiveness is the curse of China." "As you travel through the country you find a continuous pleasure in the charm, the humour, the courtesy, the industry, and the fundamentally reasonable outlook of the inhabitants": but when you meet a man who can get things done, you regard him as a startling curiosity. Is it

ineffectiveness, or is it just human fate, which has failed, in these two countries, to add a jot of happiness to the lot of the common man, in compensation for all the agony of experiments of which he has been the vile body?

C. K. A.



AN AIR VIEW OF MOSCOW; WITH THE GREAT PALACE OF LABOUR IN THE FOREGROUND: A HALTING-PLACE ON MR. GRIERSON'S FLIGHT TO SAMARKAND.

certainly re-read and re-masticate that naughty chapter called "Prayers"; and even when our interest in the Soul of China tends to wane, we shall remember, with a shudder, the "terrifying monster" which "came suddenly bounding into the saloon." "It was a female missionary. An unusually well-developed woman, she was clad only in a pair of very tight trousers and a dirty white blouse. Her aspect was farouche; she carried an alpenstock at the 'ready,' her short, gravel-coloured hair was in disarray, and her eyes flashed fire behind the lenses of her spectacles. Her formidable and uncovered legs were stained with travel. She bore down on the purser like a rogue hippopotamus."

We suppose (with some reluctance) that we should not allow the conjuror, by his irrepressible sallies, to distract our attention from what he is doing; and Mr. Fleming did a good deal. Going overland to Manchukuo, he took stock of this new Japanese state—for such, in effect, it is; and, in particular, he studied the principal industry of the country, which is banditry. It appears to be a vested interest which nothing will shake, and it thrives upon a highly efficient intelligence system. We have some interesting glimpses of the crude but indefatigable methods of Japanese propaganda among the Manchurians. In the exalted rôle (which tickled him to death) of Special Correspondent, Mr. Fleming made the difficult inland journey to the Red territory and even penetrated to the "front," so far as there is a front in this desultory and protracted campaign. He considers the Chinese Bolsheviks to be a more formidable body, better organised and more in earnest, than is generally supposed; and he sees no immediate prospect of their being dislodged by any existing force in China, "for the country is too difficult and the Reds are too strong." Chinese troops generally he considers to be popularly under-rated, but their leadership is deplorable. There are exceptions, however; Chiang Kai-shek, the Generalissimo of the Armies of the Chinese Republic, made a powerful impression upon his interviewer.

Mr. Grierson's volume belongs to the "objective" school of travel-books—though it is to be regarded less as a travel-book than as an account of an adventurous flight. Mr. Grierson's experience of flying began at the age of seventeen, and he is the first British airman to have made the journey through Russia to Samarkand. The total distance of this courageous solo flight, from England and back again, was 9300 miles, "and the only trouble had been a broken spring." That is sufficient testimonial to Mr. Grierson's "Rouge et Noir," which was already "perhaps the most-travelled light aeroplane in the world"; an 85 h.p. Gipsy Moth, built by the de Havilland Company, she formerly belonged to Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston, and since 1930 she had flown in thirty-four different countries. Mr. Grierson understates the case when he says that she "did well." She had taken me to Stalingrad and Astrakhan where no British pilot had been before.



THE INTERIOR OF A GIGANTIC RUSSIAN PASSENGER AEROPLANE: THE FIVE-ENGINED THIRTY-SIX-SEATER "A.N.T.14."

One of Mr. Grierson's most interesting experiences in Russia was a flight in the great civil air liner "A.N.T.14." He says: "There was no overcrowding even with the forty-seven of us who went up on this short flight."

Reproductions by Courtesy of G. T. Foulis and Co., publishers of "Through Russia by Air."

writing it. Having made a very enterprising journey into the Red Areas of southern Kiangsi, he is much amused to find himself regarded as that solemn thing, an "authority," on an ill-known subject; and having made the reluctant admission that "the route which we followed has not, I believe, been previously covered in its entirety by a foreigner," he hastens to add, "nor is there any earthly reason why it should have been." "The sight of any edifice, however imposing, merely embarrasses" Mr. Fleming; "it stimulates my powers of self-criticism." You imagine, O travel-snob, that there is some sense of adventure about the Trans-Siberian Express? "For me there were no thrills of discovery and anticipation" (there might have been!—for the express wrecked itself, though, happily, not Mr. Fleming with it). You think that you might get a certain "kick" out of an expedition against bandits in Manchukuo, or a brush with the Reds in Far Cathay? On the contrary, the bandit-hunt was a fiasco

* "One's Company: A Journey to China." By Peter Fleming. (Jonathan Cape; 8s. 6d.)

"Through Russia by Air." By John Grierson. Foreword by Sir Malcolm Campbell. (G. T. Foulis; 5s.)

THE WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE REVIVED UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF CARDINAL BOURNE.



WHERE CARDINAL BOURNE WILL LEAD PILGRIMS ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 19—THE FIRST CARDINAL SINCE WOLSEY TO TREAD THE WALSINGHAM WAY: WALSINGHAM, NORFOLK; SHOWING PART OF THE CONDUIT-HOUSE, SURMOUNTED BY A CRESSET, ON THE LEFT, AND (RIGHT) THE WEST GATEHOUSE OF THE OLD PRIORY.



THE FRIARY, AT THE SOUTHERN APPROACH TO WALSINGHAM: A BUILDING USED BY FRIARS WHO CAME TO ENGLAND IN 1346—AND STILL A RESIDENCE.



PROFESSOR TRISTRAM'S RECONSTRUCTION OF THE IMAGE OF OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM FROM THE PRIORY SEAL.

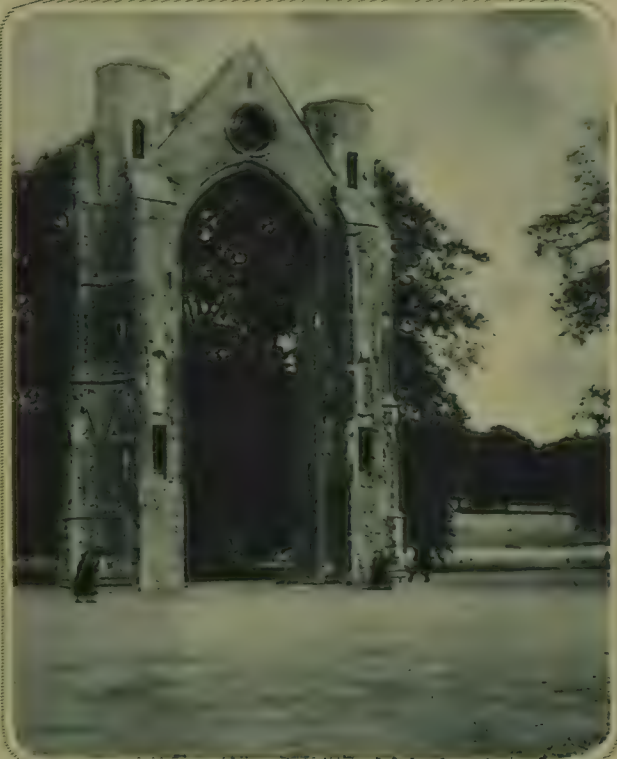


THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY SLIPPER CHAPEL, AT HOUGHTON-IN-THE-DALE, THE ONLY BUILDING CONNECTED WITH THE OLD PILGRIMAGES THAT IS STILL INTACT—SEEN FROM THE EAST END.



THE CHAPEL TO WHICH CARDINAL BOURNE WILL LEAD THE PILGRIMS TO-MORROW, SUNDAY, AUGUST 19.

THE HOLY WELLS IN THE PRIORY GROUNDS, WHICH ARE ON THE SPOT ON WHICH THE SHRINE, A REPLICA OF THE HOLY HOUSE OF NAZARETH, WAS FIRST BUILT.



RIGHT: THE GREAT EAST ARCH, THE OUTSTANDING RELIC OF THE OLD PRIORY, TO THE LEFT OF WHICH WAS THE LITTLE HOUSE OF NAZARETH HOLDING THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM.



THE SLIPPER CHAPEL, WHERE THE PILGRIMS DOFFED THEIR SHOES BEFORE WALKING A MILE TO WALSINGHAM BAREFOOTED, AS IT WAS FORTY YEARS AGO; SERVING AS TWO COTTAGES.

IT is arranged that Cardinal Bourne shall lead the first National Catholic Pilgrimage to Walsingham, in Norfolk, on Sunday next, August 19, and, doing so, he will be the first Cardinal since Wolsey to tread the Walsingham Way, as our forefathers called both the Milky Way of the heavens and the road through Newmarket, Ely, Brandon, and Fakenham. The Augustinian priory, whose ruins are now known as Walsingham Abbey, owned the famous shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, which was visited from 1061 until the Reformation by pilgrims from all parts of Europe; among them Henry VIII., who, in his earlier days, made the pilgrimage barefoot; Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., Henry III., Henry IV., Henry VI., and Henry VII., Katharine of Aragon, Eleanor of Provence, Philippa of Hainault, and Isabella of France. The priory and the shrine were surrendered to Henry VIII. by the Augustinians in charge, Canons Regular or Austin Canons (Black Canons). As to the Holy Wells, tradition says that their waters sprang up where the Lady of the Manor, Richeldis de Faverches, built the replica of the Holy House of Nazareth at the bidding of the Virgin, seen by her in a vision. The house, having been built in wrong place, was moved "by angelys' handys" two hundred feet. On the original site the wells sprang up, to enjoy for centuries a great reputation for miraculous cures. In its time, the Slipper Chapel has been a workhouse, a forge, a cartshed, and a pair of cottages. Our photograph of it as it was forty years ago shows the extension at the east end and the building added at the side.

THE OIL-YIELDING GUACHARO: STRANGE NOCTURNAL BIRDS PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR CAVE.

By R. JOHNSON.

In his article on this page, Mr. Johnson gives a vivid description of the appearance, haunts, and habits of a little-known bird, the guacharo, or oil-bird, of South America. On the opposite page are reproduced photographs taken by him on a visit to a cave in Trinidad in which the birds nest. The guacharo has rarely been photographed before.

ONE of the most remarkable birds of South America is the guacharo, oil-bird, or, as it is called in the island of Trinidad, diabolito. Singular in construction, very strange in its mode of life, and with a peculiar economic value, it has attracted a fair amount of attention. The guacharo was made known to the scientific world in 1799 by Humboldt and Bonpland, who discovered large numbers of the birds inhabiting a cavern at Caripé, in Venezuela. A few years later it was found in the island of Trinidad, but has since been found to breed in Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, and Brazil, thus having a range much wider than was originally thought.

In systematic zoology the guacharo is the only member of the family Steatornithidae, which is placed between the owls (Strigidae) and the nightjars (Caprimulgidae). It has nearly as much affinity to the owls as to the nightjars, and in certain characters it differs from both these families. To describe it briefly: it is a handsome bird about the size of a crow, having a similar hard, curved beak, deeply notched and with twelve long, hard bristles on each side of the gape. Its plumage has a silky sheen. It is a beautiful chocolate or chestnut brown on the back and head, the feathers being edged and barred with darker colour, and sparsely dotted with irregular lozenge-shaped white spots verged with black. The under-parts are rather of a fawn colour speckled with white spots, also black-edged.

The guacharo is entirely nocturnal and lives in colonies, inhabiting dark sea or mountain caves and issuing forth only at dusk to search for the oily fruits of certain palms and forest trees on which it feeds. In these caves it sleeps, makes its nest, and rears its young. It rarely penetrates the cave beyond a few hundred yards from the entrance. The nest is a low, circular pillar formed from accumulated guano, depressed at the summit to receive the eggs or young. The bird appears to repair this structure and to raise it from time to time. The nests are placed in inaccessible holes and crevices in the rock, or on rock ledges high up near the roof of the cave. Often they are overhung with stalactites. The eggs, two to four in number, are smooth and white, resembling those of some owls; often, however, they are brown from discoloration. The young are ugly balls of fat with large beaks. The adult birds feed on the fruits of some palms and forest trees, digesting the oily pericarp and throwing up the indigestible seeds. For these fruits the birds travel great distances, and, in thus working hard each night, they use up a lot of the energy provided by the oily food. The fledgling, taking no exercise, converts this oil into fat and thus becomes valuable to the natives. In Trinidad the young birds are considered to be a great delicacy, though said to be scented like cockroaches. In Venezuela and elsewhere they are boiled down into fat and oil. This oil is colourless and odourless, and keeps for over a year without becoming rancid. It is used for cooking and for lighting. The

young only are used by the natives.

There are several guacharo caves in Trinidad. Some are sea caves on the lonely islands in the Gulf of Paria, often difficult of access, and others are in the northern range of mountains. One huge cavern is in the virgin forest, over 2000 feet up on the slopes of Aripo, the highest mountain. In this cave a stream does not flow along the floor below the nests, as in all the other caves. A smaller cave in the

methods of catching the birds are cruel and wasteful. To the ends of long poles are tied balls of cloth soaked in oil. Often also the poles have large iron hooks attached. The cloth is ignited to give the hunters light, and with the poles they reach up to the nests, dragging down anything—eggs and young. The unfeathered

The cave was filled with a great rushing wind as scores of birds left the nests and fled around. The din was terrific, with squawking, and metallic "kek"-like noises resembling castanets. The squawking reminded us of old days spent roaming about Carnarvonshire cliffs, being almost exactly the noise made by guillemots. This squawking noise appeared to be made by the birds still sitting on the nests and ledges. As we proceeded further into the cave the din became greater until we had penetrated beyond the colony, for guacharos live only within a few hundred yards of the entrance.

Shining the torches into the water we saw hosts of small crayfishes, and large fish called coscorobs. Here and there on the rocks were great toads and big red mountain crabs. In places we were able to leave the river and clamber over rocks, wading through large deposits of guano and great heaps of fruits dropped by the birds. There were small forests of sickly yellow seedlings sprouting from the nuts, some of the plants being as high as four feet. Frequently from above dropped half-digested red oily seeds and hot droppings of excreta. We were tormented by myriads of midges.

The fruits collected from the floor of the cave and about the nests were later identified as being from the following trees: *Enterpe oleracea* (a palm), locally called "Manac Palm"; *Jessenir oligocarpa* (a palm); a species of *Lauraceae* (a forest tree), locally called "Laurier."

We climbed to nests by means of notched bamboo poles used by natives in collecting young birds and eggs. The guano on the ledges was alive with beetles, and, in climbing up slopes, we saw broken nests which were swarming with cockroaches, so that my companion felt very sick, wanting to leave the cave, which all the time had been his idea of hell. Fruits and nuts were scattered all about the ledges and around the nests; the birds laying in considerable stores from their night foragings.

Photography was not pleasant. We were filthy and wet. The dampness inside the cave made the flash-powder unusable after a few minutes out of the tin. It required considerable manipulation to fix the tripod near the chosen nests. The camera was left by a nest for an hour or two after having been "camouflaged" to some extent. We returned and made a flash, but later development of the negative only showed a fine study of the nest—the bird had not returned. Apart from the birds being very timid, not returning to the nests for hours after they had been approached too near, focusing the lens was very difficult. Shining the torch on to the nest meant that the bird would not return for some time, and apart from that, the light, if at any distance, was not sufficient for focusing on the ground-glass screen. The distance could not be exactly measured, because putting a pole up to a nest meant that the bird would not return for a long time, or not at all for that day. So the distance had to be estimated, and the object located in the direct-vision view-finder, focusing being done by the scale. In locating the object, and to see whether a bird was on

the nest, the faintest glimmer of light was allowed to penetrate from the torch, shone at a lower level. Working from a distance with a $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch focus Tessar, we secured quite sharp results after stopping down to some extent. The photographs gave a good idea of the bird's place of abode, but considerable enlargement was needed to get the birds of fair size. Later we returned to the cave with the same camera and a 12-inch focus Dallmeyer Dallon Telephoto lens. The depth of focus given by such a long-focus lens was very small. Profiting by experience with the short-focus lens, we obtained better results than we expected.

From the photographs one can get a far better idea of these strange birds than one obtains in the cave. Inside the cave one gets only fleeting glances of the birds in the very dim light of a torch. The bird is seen for a fraction of a second, or at the most a few seconds, and is then gone, after shining the torch on to the nest. Almost all that can be seen is that it is a large brown bird.



THE MOUTH OF A GUACHARO CAVE IN TRINIDAD; WITH THE INFANT RIVER OROPUCHE FLOWING THROUGH IT: A REMOTE AND GLOOMY CAVERN INSIDE WHICH THE OIL-BIRDS NEST ON HIGH LEDGES.

remote valley of Platanal, in the northern range, was selected for photographic purposes. Here the birds are more numerous and more accessible. This cave was visited by the late President Roosevelt in 1916. The entrance is a large cleft about 30 feet high in a limestone cliff. From it emerges the infant River Oropuche, which breaks into the cave and flows along the floor beneath the guacharo colony. The summit of the cliff is covered with thick forest, and the face is festooned with vines and creepers; ferns and selaginellas growing from holes in the rock. Around the entrance are wild tannias, with huge, soft roots and great heart-shaped leaves. These are the favourite food of the wild hog or quenk.

We had to enter the cave by wading up the stream. The water was ice cold and reached nearly to our waists. As we entered the gloom, all was silent but for an occasional squawk from the interior. We shone the torches up to the roof and on to the walls, and there was pandemonium.

FLEDGLINGS AS "OIL-WELLS": THE CAVE-DWELLING, NOCTURNAL GUACHARO.



A YOUNG GUACHARO (OR OIL-BIRD), ABOUT ONE DAY OLD, WITH TWO EGGS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT IN ITS NEST; SHOWING THE SURROUNDING MASS OF SEEDS, THE INDIGESTIBLE PART OF OILY FRUIT EATEN BY THE ADULTS.



YOUNG GUACHAROS, WITH LARGE BEAKS, SUCH AS THE NATIVES KILL FOR THEIR OIL: A TYPICAL NEST, WITH BEETLE-WINGS AND CASES IN ITS COMPOSITION, AND PALM-SEEDS IN AND AROUND IT.



A PAIR OF ADULT GUACHAROS ON THEIR NEST; ONE ASLEEP, THE OTHER WELL SHOWING ITS CURVED BILL: A RATHER CRUMBLING NEST, WITH SPROUTING SEEDS ON THE LEFT AND OTHER SHOOTS, LIKE STRING, ON THE RIGHT.



A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A GUACHARO NEST, WITH GUANO ON THE ROCK BENEATH: A BIRD MID-WAY, ZOOLOGICALLY, BETWEEN THE OWL AND THE NIGHTJAR; THE BRISTLES ABOUT THE GAPE PLAINLY SEEN.

The rare guacharo, or oil-bird, is one of the strangest of birds in its mode of life. A vivid description of its habits and of a visit to a gloomy cave in Trinidad where the birds nest is given by Mr. R. Johnson in his article on the opposite page. Here we reproduce flashlight photographs taken by him of the birds in their nests. The guacharo has seldom been photographed before, and these results, considering the exceptional difficulty of camera work in the dark, moist cavern, where the birds nest on high ledges, are extremely successful. As Mr. Johnson says: "From the photographs one can get a far better idea of these strange birds than one obtains in the cave." The secondary name of oil-bird is derived from the peculiar covering of the nestlings, which are simply masses of yellow fat. It is these that the natives find

of economic value, for they drag down the young ones with poles from their nests, and, in Venezuela and elsewhere, use their oil for cooking and lighting. In Trinidad the nestlings are valued as food. The adult birds' food appears to consist of fruits of palms and forest trees. They digest the oily pericarp and throw up the indigestible seeds, which then litter their nests and the floor of their caves. We read in "Lydekker": "The large nectandra stones are regurgitated after the fleshy covering has been digested. This rejecting process is accomplished without any apparent effort on the part of the bird; a slight movement of the feathers of the throat takes place, the beak opens gently, and the stone appears; while, if any of the fleshy covering still adheres to it, the bird picks it off. The old birds cast up the stones during flight."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

GROUSE—AND THE GROUSE-FLY.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ONE of the most glorious days of the year, to the sportsman, is surely Aug. 12. In imagination, I can see yet again, the majestic grandeur of the moors, and hear the calling of the grouse. Though partridges and pheasants have fallen to my gun, it has never been my good fortune to be present at a grouse-drive, though I can well imagine the thrill which must vibrate the expectant marksman as he sees the birds making for the "butts."

But I am thinking just now, not so much of grouse, as of the strange and most interesting parasitic-fly which lurks among its feathers. Doubtless, among those who shoot grouse year after year, the existence of these flies is known. There are, however, not many, I suspect, who know much, if anything, of the life-history of this insect and of the many species allied thereto. For the facts I am now to pass in review are buried in text-books of zoology, or in special memoirs which do not come within the purview of the sportsman. But every year there must be many who have never, to their knowledge, seen this fly, or have even ever heard of it. Their first acquaintance, if they wish to see something of it, let me tell them, will probably be when one or two, quitting the body of their late victim, endeavour to find a substitute on the nearest living body and that, very commonly, a human body. Consciousness of its presence is aroused by a tickling sensation on the face or neck. It is brushed off without more ado; often, probably, without any sort of suspicion that it had just left a dead grouse, for it is by no means universally known that these birds harbour such pests. As a matter of fact, indeed, there are many species of such flies, and they are to be found on many quite different types of birds. From the naturalist's point of view, at any rate, they are extremely interesting.

Let me first say something of the grouse-fly (Fig. 1) (*Ornithomyia lagopodis*). Those who have not seen it scuffling about among the feathers of the still warm body of its host, have only to repair to the larder where newly killed grouse are hanging, to find them on the windows, and probably in some numbers. They look at the first glance like ordinary flies. But try and "squash" one against the window with the finger, and it will be found that the body is so hard that the intended victim flies off unharmed as soon as the finger is removed. Though called the "grouse-fly," it is by no means confined to grouse or even the grouse tribe. And this is not surprising, since it can travel on the wing with fair speed over a short distance, and hence other birds living on the moors or in their near neighbourhood are also victimised. It has been found on the curlew, lapwing, golden plover, the rock- and meadow-pipits, song-thrush and short-eared owl.

There are, as I have said, many species of these flies, differing among themselves so much as to form distinct genera. A few days ago a great-spotted woodpecker was brought to me by the gardener. It had a badly broken wing, so I had no choice but to kill it. Immediately it was dead I saw many of these blood-sucking flies moving about

the feathers, and presently they flew to the window, where they were by no means easy to catch, for they took alarm easily and flew with surprising swiftness. It was when I tried to "squash" them that the

known as "Wallabies." A third species of *Ornithomyia*—unfortunately, these creatures have no name in common speech—is *O. fringillina*, and this has been obtained from birds so unlike as the robin

and the swallow. It is only about half the size of *O. avicularia* (Fig. 3) but is otherwise very similar in appearance.

Standing in strong contrast with the flies of the genus *Ornithomyia* is the parasite of the swift—*Craterina pallida*. For in this the wings have undergone a marked degeneration, and having regard to the relatively large size of the body, more than a quarter of an inch long, the power of flight must be limited. They have been found infesting dying birds in such large numbers as to lend colour to the supposition that the toll of blood drawn

from their victims may be so great as to cause death. At any rate, swifts are occasionally found dead or in a moribund state, swarming with these parasites, especially under the wings. It appears to be found only on the common and Alpine swifts, wherein it differs from the other species mentioned here, which have a number of different hosts.

In the nearly allied *Stenopteryx hirundinis* of the swallow and house-martin, the wings show yet another form. For here, though much longer than in *Craterina*—the swift parasite—they are very conspicuously narrower, being reduced to a blade-shape, but their efficiency, such as it is, may not be very different. These flies, it may be mentioned, are allied to the deadly disease-bearing Tsetse-flies, which were such a scourge in Africa. It is not, however, the bite of these flies which causes sleeping sickness, or nagana, as the case may be, but the organisms, or "Trypanosomes," in the blood of their victims transmitted with the bite, which is the cause of these dreadful maladies. Hence, then, though people may be bitten by these bird-parasites, there is no possibility of evil effects following such bites, since they can contain no such blood-parasites.

Having regard to their close relationship, it is not surprising to find that these bird-parasites agree with the Tsetse-flies in their mode of reproduction; for they do not lay eggs. The female produces, at each birth, a single full-grown larva, which has been nourished by the secretions of a generative gland within the parental body. When development is complete the larva is expelled within a hard, almost spherical case, at first, white in colour, but later becoming black, with a polished surface. From such a "chrysalis" the fly emerges in due season.

The process of degeneration seen in the wings of the swift and swallow parasites has gone a stage further in some nearly related species, parasitic on deer and sheep, wherein one, and sometimes both sexes are entirely wingless. But these, which have an interesting life-history, I must discuss on another occasion.

In conclusion, I might add that I should be very grateful to any of my readers who would send me specimens of these flies. They can easily be slipped into an empty match-box.



1. A BLOOD-SUCKING GROUSE-FLY (ENLARGED): *ORNITHOMYIA LAGOPODIS*, WHICH OBTAINS A FIRM GRIP OF THE BIRD'S FEATHERS BY MEANS OF THE SHARP, CURVED HOOKS ON ITS FEET (INDICATED MORE CLEARLY IN THE DRAWING ON THE LEFT).

The grouse-fly obtains a firm grip of the feathers of its host by means of the sharp, curved hooks on its feet. The wings are well developed and, hence, short flights may be made. Blood is drawn from the victim by means of a short, sharp, proboscis. When grouse have been killed, the flies may often be seen scurrying about among the feathers of the still warm body. The body of the fly is so hard that it is almost impossible to squash it with the fingers.



2. THE SWALLOW-FLY (*STENOPTERYX HIRUNDINIS*): A SPECIES WHICH LIVES AMONG THE FEATHERS OR IN THE NESTS OF THE HOUSE-MARTIN AND THE SWALLOW; HAVING WINGS REDUCED TO MERE BANDS. (ENLARGED.)
(After Flatters and Garnett.)

hardness of their dull-green bodies was brought home to me. However, I caught several and found them to be of the species known as *Ornithomyia avicularia*—of the same genus as the grouse-fly. But here, again, it has many hosts besides the woodpeckers. Indeed, I did not know, till I found these specimens, that the woodpeckers were among their victims, though I knew that they had been taken from grouse, pheasant, owls, thrushes, the red-backed shrike, starling and wheatear. It is rather more than a quarter of an inch long, and its general appearance is seen in the adjoining photograph.

But it is by no means confined to British birds. It ranges, in fact, all over the world, and one can readily understand how this wide distribution comes about, for birds are great travellers and carry their parasites with them, so that fresh hosts are constantly being found. But there is one really astonishing thing about this distribution, for in New South Wales and in Tasmania, it has found congenial hosts in the small kangaroos,



3. ANOTHER SPECIES OF FLY PARASITIC UPON BIRDS: *ORNITHOMYIA AVICULARIA* FOUND ON THE GREEN WOODPECKER IN ENGLAND—THOUGH IN NEW SOUTH WALES AND TASMANIA IT HAS FOUND NEW HOSTS, INFESTING THE SMALLER KANGAROOS OR WALLABIES! (ENLARGED.)



4. THE SWIFT-FLY (*STENOPTERYX PALLIDA*): A PEST WHICH AT TIMES TAKES SUCH HEAVY TOLL OF ITS VICTIMS, INFESTING THEM IN SUCH LARGE NUMBERS, AS TO CAUSE THE BIRD'S DEATH. (ENLARGED.)

In the swift-fly, the wing is shorter and broader than in the swallow-fly, but, it is probable no more efficient for flying. On the Continent this fly is also found on the Alpine swift. All the flies illustrated on this page are related to the dreaded Tsetse-fly of Africa, and produce their young in the same curious manner as the Tsetse.

WATERFALLS OF ICELAND:

THEIR GRANDEUR AND THEIR COLOUR.



GODAFOSS: A SIXTY-FOOT FALL WHICH IS ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM AKUREYRI, IN THE NORTH OF ICELAND, AND IS EASY OF ACCESS.



SKOGAFOSS: THE RIVER PLUNGING OVER THE LINE OF THE ANCIENT SEA CLIFFS (SOME TWO HUNDRED FEET HIGH) ON TO THE COASTAL PLAIN BELOW.—ON THE RIGHT OF THE FALL A MAN; TO SHOW THE SCALE.

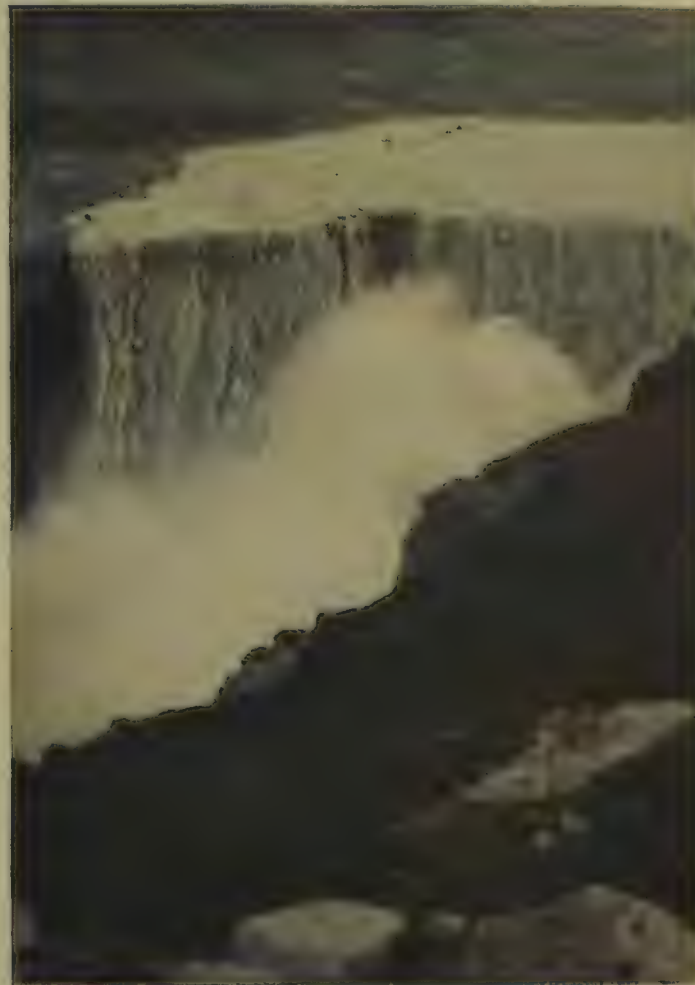


DETTIFOSS: THE LARGEST AND MOST INACCESSIBLE FALL IN ICELAND (OVER 295 FEET HIGH); ITS WATERS COLOURED BY VOLCANIC SILT.

The reproductions here given were made possible by the activities of the Cambridge East Greenland Expedition. All are by Messrs. D. L. Lack and B. B. Roberts, with the exception of the second on the left, which was taken by Mr. F. E. Robinson. The following notes concern two of the falls shown.—Gullfoss is the most visited fall in Iceland, and is remarkable for the rainbows formed in the spray. The River Hvítá plunges over two ledges which are at right angles to each other and passes on through a deep gorge several miles long.—As to Dettifoss, it is noted: "The largest of Iceland's waterfalls, over 90 m. high. The River Jökulsá á Fjöllum plunges into a



GULLFOSS—WITH A RAINBOW IN ITS SPRAY: A FALL THAT IS WITHIN A DAY'S JOURNEY OF REYKJAVIK AND HAS TWO DROPS—ONE OF ABOUT SEVENTY FEET AND THE OTHER OF NEARLY A HUNDRED FEET.



DETTIFOSS: A CLOSE-UP OF THE FALL, WHICH HAS TO BE APPROACHED ON PONY-BACK.

long, deep gorge after flowing nearly ninety miles from Vatnajökull—Iceland's largest ice-cap—through the largest lava flow in Iceland, Oðaoahraun (Lava of Evil Deeds). This fall is unique, in that the water is almost black owing to the volcanic silt. Large lumps of pumice float down and collect in the whirlpools beneath." To which it may be added that it has been calculated that the total amount of water-power in Iceland is nearly four million horse-power, but that at present only a very small proportion of this enormous force is utilised. Owing to the swiftness of the currents, none of the Icelandic rivers is navigable.

PRINCES BRIDGE.

MELBOURNE HARBOUR
TRUST BUILDING.

FLINDERS STREET RAILWAY
STATION CLOCK TOWER.

AUSTRALIAN PRODUCE
ASSURANCE BUILDING.

FLINDERS STREET
RAILWAY STATION
MAIN ENTRANCE.
ARCADY.

NICHOLAS BUILDING.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF VICTORIA AND MELBOURNE: A VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE RIVER YARRA—FROM PRINCES BRIDGE TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

H.R.H. Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, is due to arrive in Melbourne on October 18 to represent H.M. the King at the celebration of the centenary of Victoria and of Melbourne, its capital. The celebrations are to last until April 1935, and will include an international air race from

England to Melbourne, starting next October. Our picture shows a view of the city from the River Yarra, from Princes Bridge on the left to St. Paul's Cathedral on the right. It was taken at the point at which the pioneer John Batman, a hundred years ago, chose a site for his village. The

village he founded by erecting a few tents and mud huts is now Melbourne, which, with its population of more than a million people, is the seventh city of the Empire. It covers 250 square miles and is set in surroundings of great beauty. With the State of Victoria, in which the Henty brothers

of West Tarring, Sussex, made the first white settlement in 1834, Melbourne, the capital, is to co-operate in celebrating the dual centenary throughout the coming Australian spring and summer. Elaborate exhibitions will reflect the extraordinary development of the State and of the city.



WICKET KEEPER: "*How's that!*"

UMPIRE (with glass of GUINNESS): "*Very Refreshing!*"

THE KING'S GIFT TO LONDON CHILDREN: THE "SEASIDE" BY THE TOWER.



TOWER BEACH OPENED AS A CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND BY AN ACT OF ROYAL GENEROSITY, FURTHER TO A PETITION FROM THE COUNCIL FOR TOWER HILL IMPROVEMENT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEACH IN USE—THE TOWER OF LONDON AT THE BACK.



LOOKING ON AT LONDON'S OWN "SEASIDE": SPECTATORS IN THE TOWER GARDENS—THE BATTLEMENTS ON THE LEFT, AND THE TOWER BRIDGE AT THE BACK.

The Tower Beach was inaugurated as a children's playground in July. Lord Wakefield of Hythe (President of the Council for Tower Hill Improvement) "opened" a new companion-ladder between the beach and Tower Wharf; while the Bishop of London dedicated the beach as a tidal playground. Within a few yards from the shore there is always a waterman in a patrol boat—posted to safeguard children bathing from the beach. The foreshore is Crown property, and children who have played there in the past were committing a technical trespass. It was also unsafe,

since the only means of access were two dangerous stairways, and drowning accidents were not unusual. Children may now use the beach lawfully, as well as safely, since the King has given permission for them to have this tidal playground as their own for ever. In addition, a list of "Don'ts" is handed to every user of the beach, so that the causes of accidents—such as swimming out too far or diving off Tower Pier—may be avoided. Readers will remember that we illustrated the beach in our issue of July 21, in a drawing made by Mr. Steven Spurrier.



1. PROBABLY THE MAKER OF THE NEWLY-FOUND SOLO TOOLS—A PROFILE OF THE SOLO SKULL DISCOVERED IN 1931: A SCALE DRAWING BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH, WITH THE SKULL OF PITHECANTHROPUS (THE SHADED PORTION) SUPERIMPOSED.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of June 4, 1932.

The following exceptionally interesting article by a distinguished Dutch archaeologist, Dr. P. V. van Stein Callenfels, was submitted by us to Sir Arthur Keith, who kindly read it and added these comments: "The discovery of implements from the same terrace as *Homo Soloensis* is of the first importance. As Dr. Callenfels says, the implements made from the antlers of an extinct form of deer (Figs. 5, 6, and 7), the harpoon (Fig. 8), the use of spines of ray (Fig. 8), and of bone spatulas (Figs. 5 and 7) at this early date—all are most surprising discoveries. As to antiquity, Dr. Callenfels' estimates are probably too moderate." Sir Arthur adds: "Dr. Callenfels speaks of *Homo Soloensis* as being of the Neanderthal genus. I think this most unlikely. I am certain that *Homo Soloensis* is an improved and advanced and much later form of *Pithecanthropus* (Java man)." For a full report of the discovery of the skull of *Homo Soloensis*, see "The Illustrated London News" of June 4, 1932.

FOR years geologists have wondered if the Solo, biggest of rivers in the beautiful tropical island of Java, had terraces dating from the quaternary period. Then, in 1931, as the newly-built Museum of the Geological Service of the Netherlands Indies needed fossil specimens for its show-cases, it was decided to send a scientist on the staff of that Service to explore the gorge where the Solo River breaks through the Kendeng Mountains; and, after the scientist selected (Dr. C. ter Haar) had discovered the existence of such terraces at several spots, most of them containing the bones of Pleistocene animals, it was decided to dispatch native surveyors to collect the fossils. Among the material collected were found human remains—namely, skulls or parts of the skulls of eleven individuals, along with a few other bones. Some of these



5. HAMMERS OR HOES (FOR DIGGING UP TUBERS) MADE FROM THE ANTILERS OF A PLEISTOCENE DEER (LEFT AND RIGHT); AND BONE SPATULAS SUCH AS ESKIMOS STILL USE (CENTRE): SURPRISING TYPES OF PALÆOLITHIC REMAINS FROM THE SOLO VALLEY.

IMPLEMENTS USED BY SOLO MAN TOOLS ASSOCIATED WITH THE

skulls were published a few years ago in "The Illustrated London News," under the name of *Homo Javanicus soloensis*, although science, reserving *anthropus* for remains more ape-like than human, and *homo* for remains more human than ape-like, might have found some such name as *Homo neanderthalensis var. ngandongensis*, or simply *Homo ngandongensis*, more appropriate. What was the culture of those eleven individuals? How did they kill their game and get their fish; and with what tools did they scrape their hides? It seemed astounding that, among so many human remains, not a single implement or other relic of the craftsmanship of this ancient race should come to light to tell us how its people lived in the far-gone days when they were men of flesh and blood. Then, a few months ago the geologist Dr. C. ter Haar and the palæontologist Dr. van Koenigswald succeeded in discovering the traces that should make those dry bones live for others beside the geologist and the anthropologist. And, although research still goes on, we are able to publish enough photographs of their finds to give us some idea of what manner of *Homo* it was who walked the terraces of the Solo River more than 30,000 years ago. As might be expected, the types of implement from the Solo terraces differ from the palæoliths of Western Europe. For example, real flint not occurring in Java, its prehistoric workmen chose for most of their implements such stones as chalcodony, which is so easily worked as the flint (that is still worked in one English village). Moreover, most of these implements from Solo are fashioned from carefully picked pieces, often of semi-transparent and of yellow-brown colour, "sermons in stones" that bear witness to some rudimentary sense of beauty in the brain behind the sockets of those quaternary eyes. Most of the Solo implements so far discovered have been scrapers, although a few such universal instruments as that shown in Fig. 3 (and in Figs. 6 and 8) also occur. Some are only roughly chipped, and remind one of implements of the West European Pre-Chellean (the rostro-carinate) (Fig. 4, left), but others, like the small scraper in Fig. 8 (left, second from top), have been very carefully retouched



3. A TOOL FROM THE SAME TERRACE AS THAT WHERE *HOMO SOLOENSIS* WAS FOUND—DESCRIBED BY DR. CALLENFELS AS "OF PURELY MOUSTERIAN TYPE": FRONT AND BACK VIEWS; SHOWING THE CHIPPED SIDE (LEFT) AND THE BULB OF PERCUSSION (RIGHT). (NATURAL SIZE.)

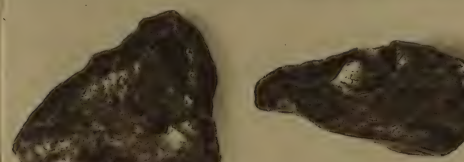


6. STONE TOOLS (LEFT)—ONE OF THEM OF "MOUSTERIAN" TYPE (BOTTOM CENTRE)—AND AN IMPLEMENT, PROBABLY FOR DIGGING, MADE FROM THE ANTILERS OF AN EXTINCT DEER (RIGHT); PART OF THE LOWEST TIME BEING RETAINED AND WORKED AT THE TOP.

ARTICLE AND PHOTOGRAPHS (EXCEPT FIGS. 1 AND 2) BY DR. P. V. VAN STEIN CALLENFELS, PRES-

AT LEAST 40,000 YEARS AGO? MID-PLEISTOCENE JAVANESE.

at the edges. Purely Mousterian types also appear, the best being that in Fig. 3, which shows on one side the chipping, and on the other the percussion bulb and shell-like break so well known to European students of prehistory. Besides stone implements, there are several types of tool made from bone and the antlers of deer. The most remarkable is a harpoon made from bone (Fig. 8, centre), proving that the civilisation of the old Java men was far more advanced than that of their European confreres in the older palæolithic period. As this harpoon was found near the skull of a quaternary type of hippopotamus, then wading in the rivers of Java, it is certainly a relic of the Pleistocene Age. Two spines of a ray's tail (Fig. 8, right), which must have been used by these old inhabitants of Java as harpoons or arrow-heads, exactly as modern Papuans still use them, prove that there was trade between these men of the Solo terraces and some coastal folk. There was also a kind of bone spatula (Figs. 5 and 7, centre), such as is present through all prehistoric layers in the Netherlands Indies, down to the beginning of the Christian era—a spatula like that still employed by Eskimos for scraping hides. A hammer or hoe was made from the antlers of a Pleistocene deer (*Axis leydekeri*), part of the lowest time being retained and worked at the top (Fig. 5, left; Fig. 6, right; and Fig. 7, left and right)—some of these implements were certainly used for digging up roots and tubers in the forest. The remains of this old race will require careful study by expert palæoanthropologists (students of fossil man) before its exact place in the history of human development can be fixed. But even a superficial study points to the probability that these old Java men belonged to that Neanderthal race whose remains were first discovered in a cave at Little Neanderthal, near Düsseldorf, in Germany, and later in Southern France, near Liège, in Belgium, in England, at Gibraltar, and in Palestine. Although it differs from the European skulls in many details, the Rhodanian skull may also be reckoned to represent a branch of this Neanderthal race. And now Java has given us a specimen of Neanderthal man, or rather, with tropical profuseness,

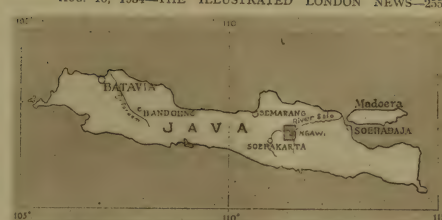


4. PALÆOLITHIC REMAINS FROM THE SOLO VALLEY: AN IMPLEMENT OF PRE-CHELLEAN ROSTRO-CARINATE TYPE (LEFT); AND ONE OF CHELLEAN-ACHÉULAN TYPE (RIGHT)—TOOLS REMINISCENT OF MANY FOUND IN WESTERN EUROPE.



7. HOES (PROBABLY FOR DIGGING ROOTS AND TUBERS) MADE FROM THE ANTILERS OF *AXIS LEYDEKERI*, AN EXTINCT DEER (LEFT AND RIGHT); AND BONE SPATULAS (CENTRE), SUCH AS ARE PRESENT THROUGH ALL PREHISTORIC LAYERS IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

TORIAN OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL SERVICE OF THE NETHERLANDS INDIES; NOW, F.R.A.I.; NOW, F.L.S.A.



2. THE SCENE OF THE NEW DISCOVERIES: A MAP OF JAVA, WITH A SMALL SHADED AREA (ROUND NGAWI) WHICH HAS PRODUCED THE SKULL OF PITHECANTHROPUS, *HOMO SOLOENSIS*, AND NOW TOOLS ASSOCIATED WITH THE LATTER.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of June 4, 1932.

has showered on us eleven specimens from these old terraces of the Solo River. Dr. Oppenorth, who was the first to recognise human remains among the fossil bones and who first of all published papers on the newly-discovered skulls, is of opinion that these terraces are contemporaneous with the interglacial periods in north-western Europe, and that, during the glacial periods, when the sea-level dropped, the Solo River cut itself a new bed into the terrace it had deposited during the time when the sea-level was higher. If so, careful study of the relation of the terraces at different heights above sea-level in Java may lead to a synchronisation of the terraces and the European glacial and interglacial periods, and enable us to put a definite date to the old Java man and his civilisation. On the other hand, prominent geologists like Professor Dr. Kuntze, of Utrecht University, are convinced that the Kendeng Mountains are, geologically speaking, very young, and that their folding must be put in the quaternary period, in which case the terraces would have nothing to do with a higher or lower sea-level, but would have come into being during that folding. Before geologists have decided which of the two hypotheses is right, no certain conclusion can be drawn as to the exact age of the remains. But that they belong to the palæolithic period is proved by the fossil animal remains encountered in the same layer as the human remains. The wild animals which these Ngandong men hunted with their stone weapons have now totally vanished from the island of Java, and some of them even from the continent of Asia. An extinct elephant (*Stegodon*), a hippopotamus, several kinds of deer now extinct, a giant buffalo, and other vanished species were then living in Java in large numbers, and, as all these animals belonged without doubt to the Pleistocene period, and died out with the ending of that period, it is certain that the human race was of the Pleistocene Age. Till now there have been only two other places in the whole of the Far East that have revealed Pleistocene human implements. The first was discovered by the French Fathers Licent and Teilhard du Chardin in the Ordo-Steppe, on the frontier of north-western China and Mongolia, the other in the Chou Kou Tien Caves, near Peking, from where also the remains of the Peking man have come. The discovery of a third site in Java, in the extreme south of Asia, is of the utmost importance for the study of ancient man.

By Dr. P. V. VAN STEIN CALLENFELS.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HAVING never proceeded much further east than Aldgate Pump, save for occasional holiday jaunts in Essex or across the Channel, I have to rely on the printed word, like most English readers, for any knowledge of Asia or Eastern Europe. It is difficult to learn the real truth about Soviet Russia in these days, but it is still more difficult when we pass beyond the Urals into the vast Asiatic lands that acknowledge the sway of Moscow. A considerable corner of the veil is lifted, however, in a travel book of exceptional interest called "RED ROAD THROUGH ASIA." A Journey by the Arctic Ocean to Siberia, Central Asia and Armenia; with an account of the peoples now living in those countries under the Hammer and Sickle. By Bosworth Goldman. With Map and thirty-one Photographs by the Author (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). The illustrations, as the author points out, "only go as far as the end of the Turk-Sib. railway," because, on his arrival at Tashkent, the capital of Russian Central Asia, his camera and films were confiscated by the OGPU. They were returned four months later, through the good offices of the British Embassy in Moscow. The details of this incident are illuminating as to local conditions.

In reading a book of this kind, or any book for the matter of that, my first desire is to know something about the author—his position, his purpose, and his personality. Many travellers, I find, are vague on these points, whether from modesty or modernism, and are apt to plunge at once into the middle of things, leaving the reader mystified as to the why and the wherefore, and sometimes even as to the where and the when. Perhaps they think that, if they are too Victorianly explicit, they will be ranked as back numbers, along with the author of "Madam How and Lady Why." Mr. Goldman is not much given to self-revelation. His publishers, however, realising the need for a little biographical introduction, vouchsafe a few facts, albeit slightly elliptical. "Bosworth Goldman," we read, "is twenty-three; was in the British Navy; is a highly trained civilian; learnt to fly and has owned his own aeroplane. After leaving the British Navy, he went all over Russia in Europe before he was twenty-one, studying political problems there. Recently he took a fleet of cars right through Afghanistan, and the other day showed his film of this to the Royal Geographical Society. He has spoken on the B.B.C. several times recently on Middle Eastern problems."

In the light of this information, which might well have been embodied in the book, instead of being relegated to a loose sheet of paper, the reader can appreciate better the courage and enterprise which prompted the adventure, and the lightness of heart which enables Mr. Goldman to see the funny side of things even in the most depressing circumstances. The further statement that "his knowledge of Russian enabled him to live amongst these primitive peoples," and to observe the effect of Communism upon them, indicates that he was able to penetrate deeper into realities than the average tourist or official visitor. Moreover, his youth absolves him from any charge of elderly prejudice against innovation in his criticisms of the Soviet régime. The general impression of life in the places he saw, which I gather from his description, is one of coarseness verging on squalor, and, inwardly, an atmosphere of suspicion, uneasiness and a lurking discontent driven underground by tyrannical coercion. "In Central Asia," writes the author, "the Soviet Union has gone even further towards a top-heavy bureaucracy than in Russia itself. The OGPU network could be glimpsed everywhere: its soldiers strutted boldly through the streets; . . . Its clutch on the vitals of the nation—the transport system—was also complete." His final judgment of the great Communist experiment is unfavourable. Towards the end of his travels he says: "My one desire was to escape to some kind of freedom in the nearest non-Bolshevik country," and he urges on Western nations the vital importance of active counter-propaganda; otherwise "the Communist doctrine may yet sweep the world before it." Meanwhile, it seems, "the gorgeous East" has already lost its glamour. The chapter on Tamerlane's city, for example, with its romantic monuments surviving amid the blatancy of a mechanical age, offers a sharp contrast to Flecker's verse evoking scenes of a bygone age on "the golden journey to Samarkand."

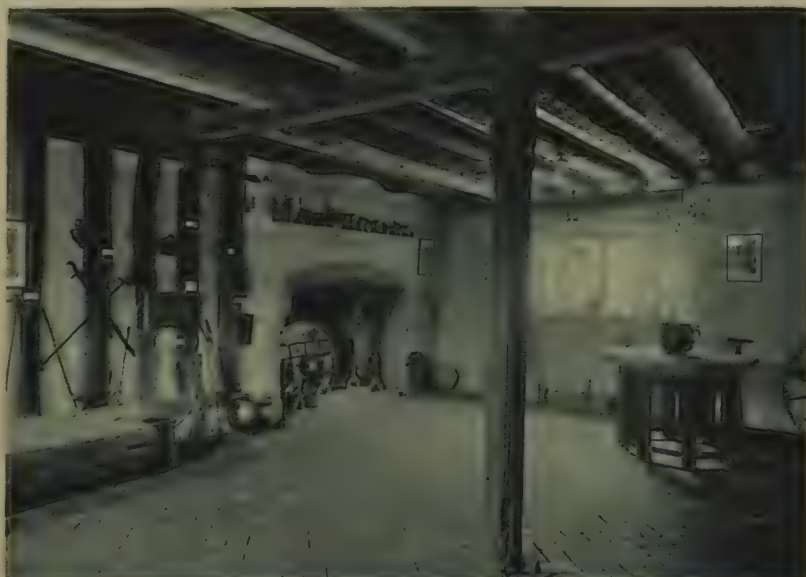
Sociology gives place to natural history, as a motive of adventure, in another book that takes us off the beaten track in the Far East—namely, "THROUGH DEEP DEFILES TO TIBETAN UPLANDS": The Travels of a Naturalist from the Irrawaddy to the Yangtse. By Herbert Stevens, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S., Member of the British Ornithologists' Union, and Member of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire. With photographs and a

map of the author's route (Witherby; 10s. 6d.). Here, again, I should have welcomed some personal account of the author, though the purpose of his journey, of course, requires no explanation. All that he discloses about himself at the outset is contained in a paragraph indicating the inception of the trip, through his being invited to join the Kelley-Roosevelt Expedition to Yunnan and Szechwan, the two largest provinces in China. "All alike," he writes, "were imbued with the true bond of comradeship: Theodore Roosevelt took the same keen interest in setting a rat-trap as Kermit Roosevelt did in preparing the specimen caught."

Before long the original group was divided, and the author, with a Kashmiri servant and the impedimenta necessary to a collector of zoological and botanical specimens, took a separate route, planning to rejoin his companions at Tachienlu. Thereafter we hear little of the Roosevelts and their party except that they were "undoubtedly . . . the first travellers to reach Tachienlu from Burma." Mr. Stevens himself had to deviate from the



ANNE OF CLEVES' HOUSE AT LEWES, WHICH IS NOW BEING DEVOTED TO A SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF "BYGONES" ORGANISED BY THE SUSSEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY: THE PICTURESQUE OLD STREET FRONT.



THE LARGE ROOM IN ANNE OF CLEVES' HOUSE; SHOWING THE TABLE WHICH IS TRADITIONALLY SAID TO HAVE THROWN OFF THE WEAPONS OF THE MURDERERS OF BECKET WHEN THEY RESTED AT SOUTH MALLING.

A correspondent sends us the following description of Anne of Cleves' house and the exhibition now being held there: "When Thomas Cromwell suppressed the monasteries for the benefit of his master, Henry VIII., he secured the Priory of Lewes and its lands for himself. But when he made Henry marry the unattractive Anne of Cleves, the King relieved his own feelings by beheading Cromwell and soothed those of Anne by the gift of much of Cromwell's property, including the house now known by her name in Lewes. This picturesque house is now the property of the Sussex Archaeological Society's Trust, and the west wing, recently put in repair, is being used during August for a special exhibition of 'Bygones,' or domestic antiquities, officially opened by Lord Gage on the 8th. The proceeds will go to the funds of the Trust, which has lately incurred a heavy expenditure over the repair of the magnificent Barbican of Lewes Castle, another of its properties."

direct trail owing to unexpectedly high mountains. From the point where he parted company with the others, his story relates his own adventures, dealings with natives, descriptions of landscape, and acquisition of innumerable specimens. This last-named activity, the primary element of his book, should be of great value and an endless source of delight to fellow naturalists. He adds a detailed table of his itinerary, with dates and altitudes.

China has been a land of long journeys throughout the ages, and we can visualise the conditions that prevailed some twelve centuries ago in "TRAVELS OF A CHINESE POET." Tu Fu, Guest of Rivers and Lakes, A.D. 712-770.

By Florence Ayscough. Vol. II. A.D. 759-770. Illustrated from Etchings by Lucille Douglass (Cape; 21s.). As a revelation of the Chinese spirit to British readers, and a link between two great literatures, this scholarly volume synchronises appropriately with the centenary of a distinguished Scotsman who did memorable work in the same cause. As *The Times* recalled recently, it is just a hundred years since the death, in Canton, of Robert Morrison, a pioneer missionary, who translated the Bible into Chinese and compiled a Chinese Dictionary. The volume under review, along with its predecessor, interprets to us the life and thought of one whom the Chinese, we are told, regard as their greatest poet—"the enlightened one of Poetry, Tu Fu, Imperial Censor under the T'ang Dynasty."

The material at Mrs. Ayscough's disposal was voluminous, and her problem was one of condensation and selection. To this end she decided, wisely, I think, to omit notes on the poet's countless allusions, and to concentrate on the main object of allowing him to tell the story of his life in his own words. Tu Fu is not only pre-eminent as a poet; he is also revered by his compatriots as "the type of an incorruptible official." His earlier years and his life at Court, where he became Censor under the Emperor Su Tsung, together with his poems during that period, formed the subject of Mrs. Ayscough's first volume. The second one, here under review, opens when, at the age of forty-seven, having offended the Emperor and suffered degradation of rank, he resigned office and became, as he expressed it, a "guest of rivers and lakes"—in other words, a wanderer.

Chinese verse evidently has a peculiar character of its own, hard to convey in English. It can scarcely be said that the version of Tu Fu's work given here contains much of what we are accustomed to regard as poetry. It reads more like a diary of incidents and impressions, set down according to a certain formula. Possibly the prosaic effect in some of it may be due to the translator's choice of diction, but, ignorant as I am of the original and of Chinese metrical rules, it would be impertinent of me to criticise. The two types of verse represented, she explains, are written in lines of five or seven ideographs, two lines hanging together. "To translate a Chinese poem in its entirety," she declares, "is not possible. Our language lacks the requisite mechanism to give the 'tones' which are an integral part of Chinese poetry. Furthermore, no rhyme scheme possible in a polysyllabic language can give the effect produced by one planned for monosyllables. I can only say that I have striven faithfully to bring over Tu Fu's ideas, as nearly as possible in his own words. I here present them in all diffidence." Despite all these hampering restrictions, however, and the unfamiliar thoughts and habits of a poet so remote from us in time and place, Mrs. Ayscough has succeeded (with the aid of short connecting passages of prose) in evoking from the long-dead past a . . . vivid portrait of a great and humane personality. Nor will the persevering reader fail to perceive in Tu Fu's verse many a maxim from his philosophy of life that still holds good to-day; as when he says—

No rank, lowly, still I do not grieve;
No wealth, beggarly, yet I have enough.

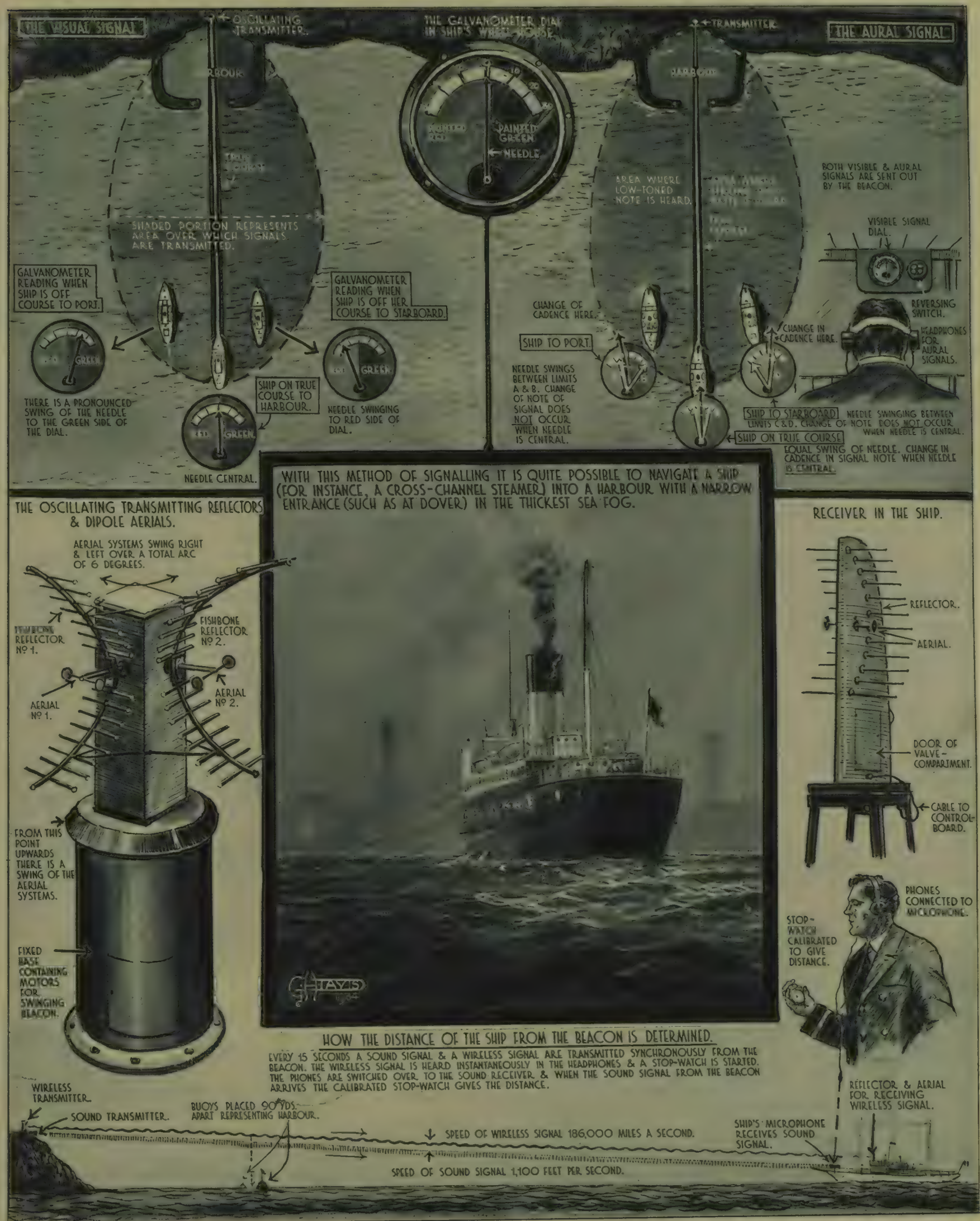
I have found it interesting, by way of comparison and contrast, to turn from this interpretation of a far-off alien mind to two books which represent some of the best work done in English verse during the last decade or so—"MODERN POETRY." 1922-1934. An Anthology. Compiled by Maurice Wollman (Macmillan; 6s.); and "POEMS OF TEN YEARS." 1924-1934. By Dorothy Wellesley (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). If in the well-chosen anthology one describes no peaks of song towering into immortality, yet the general level is so high as to renew our hope for the future of English poetry.

It is remarkable that many of the modern singers still find inspiration in myths of the past rather than among the scientific miracles of to-day, and this preference for the antique theme is definitely stated in Mr. Gordon Bottomley's "First Interlude." The verse of Dorothy Wellesley was new to me, but after this introduction I shall certainly pursue the acquaintance. She has an unerring taste for beauty of phrase, and betrays an encyclopaedic knowledge with a capacity for transmuting every item into verbal music. Incidentally, her "Armchair Adventure," wherein a reader of books visits the East in imagination, pictures the Great Wall and tells how such a traveller may "know the waste beauty of the Chinese heart."

C. E. B.

BLIND HARBOUR-ENTRANCE: WIRELESS SHORT WAVES AS SHIP'S "PILOT."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE MARCONI INTERNATIONAL MARINE COMMUNICATION COMPANY.



NAVIGATION IN FOG BY WIRELESS SIGNALS TRANSMITTED FROM A BEACON TO A SHIP'S RECEIVER AND SOUND SIGNALS SENT TO A MICROPHONE: HOW A VESSEL MAY BE GUIDED STRAIGHT INTO A NARROW HARBOUR.

In our issue of August 11 we illustrated the newest invention of Marchese Marconi for aiding navigation in fog, and gave certain details of it. We are now enabled to explain more fully the operation of this valuable invention. The transmitter, operated on a wave-length of about 60 centimetres, is apparently free from interference from any external sources. The signals sent out by the transmitter are received in two ways on board ship, one being audible by means of headphones or loud-speaker, and the other visual, by the movement of the needle on the galvanometer-dial fixed in a prominent position before the navigator. Not only does the needle of the dial swing to one side more than the other when the ship

is off her course, but the cadence in the audible signal-note is also unbalanced, and it is only when the ship's head is directed truly at the harbour-mouth that the needle is central and the note of the cadence-change is regularly balanced. The transmitter consists of two reflectors and two dipole aeriels which are mounted on a metal box which is swung to right and left by a small electric motor, the aeriels oscillating left and right through a total arc of six degrees. The device is primarily intended for steering vessels in a straight line, and an instance in which it would be most useful would be at Dover, for steering the cross-Channel boats through the narrow entrance to the harbour in the worst of sea-fogs.

CAVIARE PRODUCTION: THE STURGEON CAUGHT; AND A PERSIAN FACTORY.



THE STURGEON FISHERY: A TEAM OF PERSIAN FISHERMEN HAULING IN THE HUGE NETS, WHICH MAY EXTEND FOR OVER A MILE IN LENGTH, ON THE SHORES OF THE CASPIAN.



EXTRACTING THE ROE IN THE FACTORY, SOME HALF AN HOUR AFTER THE CATCH: A DELICACY WHICH SOMETIMES ACCOUNTS FOR A THIRD OF THE STURGEON'S ENTIRE WEIGHT.



A CURE FOR GLUTTONY!—THE CAVIARE-TASTER, WHO SAVOURS SEVERAL HUNDRED SAMPLES A DAY AND PRONOUNCES ON THEIR QUALITY.



A CASPIAN FISHERMAN: A TRADE MOSTLY RECRUITED FROM TURKOMAN TRIBES, FORMERLY CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR ROMANTIC-LOOKING DRESS.



GRADED CAVIARE: PANS EACH CONTAINING A DIFFERENT TYPE OF ROE—THE LIGHTER IN COLOUR AND THE LARGER THE EGGS, THE HIGHER THE PRICE.



SIEVING CAVIARE TO REMOVE THE SLIME: A WORK PROHIBITED TO MOHAMMEDANS, SINCE THE KORAN HAS CLASSED ALL SCALE-LESS FISH, INCLUDING STURGEON, AS "SERPENTS," AND, THEREFORE, UNCLEAN TO THE FAITHFUL.

DURING the war, and for a few years afterwards, caviare was cheaper than butter in Russia and in Persia: the market for the commodity stagnated; and, indeed, none had time to devote to the caviare business at that period, fighting and politics being altogether too absorbing. The inevitable result was that the caviare-dealers collected stocks of sturgeon of a size never seen before. Now the production of caviare is back to its normal dimensions; in which connection the *haute politique* of caviare has had some interesting mutations to show. In 1921 the Soviet Union made a friendly gesture and renounced its claim to the ownership

(Continued opposite.



PACKING CAVIARE IN A PERSIAN FACTORY: WORK THAT MUST BE DONE BY HAND, SINCE THE ROE IS TOO SENSITIVE TO BE DEALT WITH BY MACHINERY.

LIKE STARTLED SPECTRES! "CAVIARELESS" STURGEON IN THE COLD-HOUSE.



FROZEN STURGEON: IN THE REFRIGERATING CHAMBER, WHERE THE FISH ARE STORED AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THEIR ROES—STURGEON ITSELF BEING A RENOWNED DELICACY.

of the entire industry. In reality, quite a third of the world-renowned Russian caviare was always Persian in origin. In 1927 the two neighbouring countries united to share the profits of the industry. The sales-monopoly, however, remains in Russian hands for another fifty years, and, as things stand, caviare is too important a commodity for the Soviet Union to be able to change its attitude in any circumstances that can at present be foreseen. The total production of caviare in Persian territory—a third of the entire production on the Caspian Sea—amounts to over 130,000 kilograms (some 127 tons) of the best "Malossol." This "Malossol" caviare

costs the epicure about 40 marks (say, forty shillings) the pound in Germany, and its price in this country is proportionate. Generally speaking, the best caviare can only be made in winter. It is loosely granulated, almost liquid, and, moreover, very difficult to preserve. It is prepared by beating the ovaries and straining the eggs through a sieve to clear them of the membranes, fibres, and fatty matter; and is then salted. It may be observed that, though the best forms of caviare are still made in Russia, and the coarser kinds derived from the Caspian, large amounts are also produced in America, Germany, Norway, and Sweden.

The World of the Theatre.

SUMMER ENTERTAINMENTS.

THIS has been another difficult summer for the theatre to weather, since warm, fine days and evenings strongly call us into the open air. Sir Barry Jackson's "Malvern Festival," now in its sixth year, which opened on July 23 and lasts for a month, is a magnet not only for its interesting and varied programme of events, but

the stage with colour, design and picturesque movement. Among light entertainments, "She Shall Have Music" is a reward. Then, at the Shaftesbury, Bank Holiday was celebrated by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall with "Admirals All," an "amphibious adventure" true to type, for this nautical farce is worthy of its predecessors. See Mr. Clive Currie as the Admiral doomed to menial duties and Mr. Aubrey Mather as the Admiral's coxswain elevated to Admiral. And all because of a pretty film star and the publicity methods of Hollywood. With Miss Laura la Plante and Miss Diana Beaumont to grace the farce, Mr. Jack Hobbs and Mr. Geoffrey Sumner to blend pleasant romance, and a company of talented players to keep the gallant entertainment sailing before the wind of laughter, we have another guaranteed evening to be enjoyably spent.

It is particularly encouraging to notice that the plays of serious purpose have survived quite as well as the friskier pieces. This shows a love of the play as distinct from the ingeniously contrived entertainment. There is room for both, but wherein lies the difference? The true play is organic, building up one complete synthetic effect. The average run of pieces may be regarded as aggregates of effects, all isolated, held together on the string of an attenuated story and by the actor's personality. The musical comedy and the farce offer illustrations, for in such pieces we have a bundle of laughs like the sticks of a faggot, each laugh

The abounding vitality of Mr. Edmund Gwenn in "Laburnum Grove" is carrying this rich comedy safely into the autumn. Mr. Owen Nares, who is so perfectly happy in that moving play, "Sixteen," at the Criterion, where Miss Antoinette Cellier gives such a rare study of sensitive adolescence, has no need to fear August. At the Haymarket, Miss Marie Ney, Miss Flora Robson, Miss Dorothy Hyson, and Mr. Ian Hunter, with others in a splendid company, give performances that are a joy to remember in a play of unusual merit. There is a discriminating public which goes to the theatre only when it can be sure of intelligent entertainment, and it is big enough to guarantee success where and when it is pleased. It is crowding to see "Men in White," at the Lyric, where Mr. Lewis Casson and Mr. Robert Douglas are giving such finely-balanced contrasting studies and where the sense of the tragic waste of genius is acutely moving. Miss "Gordon Daviot," whose "Richard of Bordeaux" conquered last summer, has hit the target again in "Queen of Scots," at the New, where Miss Gwen frangon-Davies, though not perhaps the ideal Mary who drove men to madness, gives a study within its conception of high intelligence and subtle revelation. "Clive of India," at the Savoy, holds its own, for Mr. Leslie Banks's performance is so masterly in its portraiture that, to quote a phrase from Johnson, it is not only worth seeing but worth going to see. That lovely play at St. Martin's, "The Wind and the Rain," has already run ten months, and if I were asked the secret of its success I should answer "its simple humanity." It commands our sympathy,

stirs us to laughter and holds our attention because the story rings true, the characters are valid and acceptable, and the acting is so expressive. At the Playhouse Mr. Leon M. Lion has a real Court thriller, a sort of second "Mary Dugan," in "Libel," and good thrills never lack an audience to share them, as "Ten-Minute Alibi," at the Phoenix, proves, for it runs like Tennyson's brook.

Mr. John Gielgud in Komisarjevsky's production of the late Ronald Mackenzie's "The Maitlands," is not so superlatively good as he was as the stripling Richard II.—I always find him as an actor at his best in period costume—but he is to be thanked for affording another opportunity to see the work of the author of "Musical Chairs." Mackenzie did not manufacture plays; he created them. It may be you will find the *milieu* described as depressing and the characters unsympathetic. You may be critical of the production and find the play's total effect unsatisfying. But that it has vitality and creative power there can be no manner of doubt. If you find nothing in this bitter comment on suburbia—nothing of genius—then let me seek a safe recommendation. There is a piece at the Comedy, "The Private Road," where you can laugh, not because the tale is particularly funny nor the situations particularly amusing—it is a common enough farcical road—but because in it is a comedian



GEORGE ROBEY AS ALI BABA IN "CHU CHIN CHOW"; WITH HIS DONKEY IN THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

thrown to the audience at the right moment. The producer's chief task is timing, and the actor's is to preserve the incongruities. When this is successfully achieved, we get first-rate amusement, but when there is neither wit nor wisdom—well, we've had recent examples and they deservedly got short shrift. In such cases we can only sympathise with players struggling to give point to the pointless.

It is in the serious play—and I use the adjective in the good French sense of that word—that we get the full value of performance. Here the actor's problem is not to concentrate on piecemeal effects nor to exploit his personality, but rather to order his performance so that it shall contribute its just proportion to the whole. He must search into the character he depicts and probe into the central motive of the play. It is not staccato impressions but development and growth that must be secured. Then unity is established and the truth becomes manifest in a grand effect, and we look back on performances not as skilful exhibits to be admired, as we admire the juggler or the acrobat, but as revelations of life. The actor himself is creative, and as we look on the stage where men and women struggle and suffer, laugh and cry, we shall share their emotions, which itself is pleasure. The illusion so seen, however lowly or commonplace the characters, however vicious or misguided their actions, puts human life in perspective. Seen thus, *sub specie aeternitatis*, sympathy and understanding is evoked. The sense of waste becomes a subject for pity. The sense of triumph is tempered with chastening reminders, for we are among the immensities.



SIDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS MAHUBAH IN "CHU CHIN CHOW": ALI BABA'S SHREWISH WIFE; WITH A SIMIAN PET.

of genius—Mr. John Tilley, who makes much of little. His laughs are not the red-ink-lined variety, carefully marked in by the comedian as he reads the book, but spontaneous bubbles that irresistibly infect you with their lively, whimsical humour, for this artist can, indeed, in Swift's words, "extract sunshine from cucumbers." G. F. H.



THE FILM OF "CHU CHIN CHOW," WHICH HAS ITS PREMIÈRE AT THE TIVOLI ON AUGUST 20: ANNA MAY WONG AS ZAHARRAT, THE SLAVE GIRL WHO DENOUNCES THE ROBBER CHIEF WHEN HE IMPERSONATES CHU CHIN CHOW.

Many of our readers will remember the phenomenal war-time run of "Chu Chin Chow"—2238 performances at His Majesty's. The story is based on that of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," wherein Ali, the humble brother of Kasim Baba, discovers the secret cave of Abu Hasan, the robber chief. Ali helps himself to riches; and, after attending a banquet given by Kasim to 'Chu Chin Chow, another merchant (who is really Abu Hasan in disguise), he reveals his secret to Kasim, who visits the cave, but is caught and cut to pieces. Abu Hasan knows that his hiding-place has been discovered and resolves to kill Ali Baba. However, he and his men are wiped out while hiding in the oil-jars in Ali Baba's house.

because it provides a valuable social atmosphere in a setting of English beauty. The most characteristic feature of this play-going is its friendliness. You can be lonely in a West-End theatre, but somehow, here, it is easy to exchange opinions and strike up acquaintanceships. This spirit of *bonhomie* is not peculiar to Malvern, for it prevails at almost all out-door shows, from the "roundabouts and swings" to the Tattoos, and I shared it as I made my way that lovely evening from the St. Lawrence Cricket Field to the little playhouse where I saw the Canterbury Players in "The School for Scandal." This is play-going with a zest. It adds tremendously to the delights of the Open-Air Theatre in Regent's Park. The beauty of these productions on that grassy stage where Nature and Art together have conspired to give the ideal setting, has made the Botanical Gardens a lodestone to playgoers and an asset to London's summer entertainments. But "Romeo and Juliet" is not the happiest selection. It is too intimate and loses too much in the open. The Romeo of Mr. Griffiths Jones lacks ardour and fails to give the simple line its worth, being too anxious to overload it. But this is the true Juliet of Miss Margaretta Scott, a lovely, tragic, ill-starred Juliet remote enough from this naughty world to be accepted wholly, while the Mercutio of Mr. Leslie French is full of mercurial spirit.

There is nothing frigid in that gay piece, "She Shall Have Music," which comes as a holiday attraction to the Saville. Mr. Fred Conyngham, as the crooner-hero, sings well, dances better, and is persuasively amorous; while Mr. Kenneth Kove underlines the story with irresistible drollery, Miss Jean Colin and Miss Rita Page decorate it with charm and spirit, and when the story lags, then Miss Viola Tree and Mr. Reginald Purdell butt in with admirably accomplished fooling. There is an irrelevant but welcome scene devoted to the June Dancers, who fill

THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER" SEEN TWENTY-ONE TIMES IN FOUR WEEKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF SIR EDWARD MOUNTAIN; AND NOT RETOUCED.



THE "MONSTER" AT REST: A PHOTOGRAPH APPARENTLY SHOWING A CREATURE WITH HUMPS; OBTAINED BY SIR EDWARD MOUNTAIN'S WATCHING PARTY ON JULY 18, AT BRACKLA.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HUMPS SEEN WHEN THE CREATURE WAS AT REST: EVIDENCE OF THE "MONSTER'S" EXISTENCE OBTAINED BY SIR EDWARD MOUNTAIN'S WATCHERS ON JULY 18, AT BRACKLA.



A PHOTOGRAPH, OBTAINED AT ABRIACHAN, WHICH WOULD APPEAR TO INDICATE BEYOND ALL DOUBT THAT A CREATURE OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE IS IN LOCH NESS: THE HEAVY WASH CREATED BY THE "MONSTER" WHEN TRAVELLING AT AMAZING SPEED JUST UNDER THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE. (TAKEN ON JULY 12.)



MORE EVIDENCE THAT THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER" EXISTS: A LARGE DISTURBANCE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SHORE BY ONE OF THE CORPS OF WATCHERS ORGANISED BY SIR EDWARD MOUNTAIN.

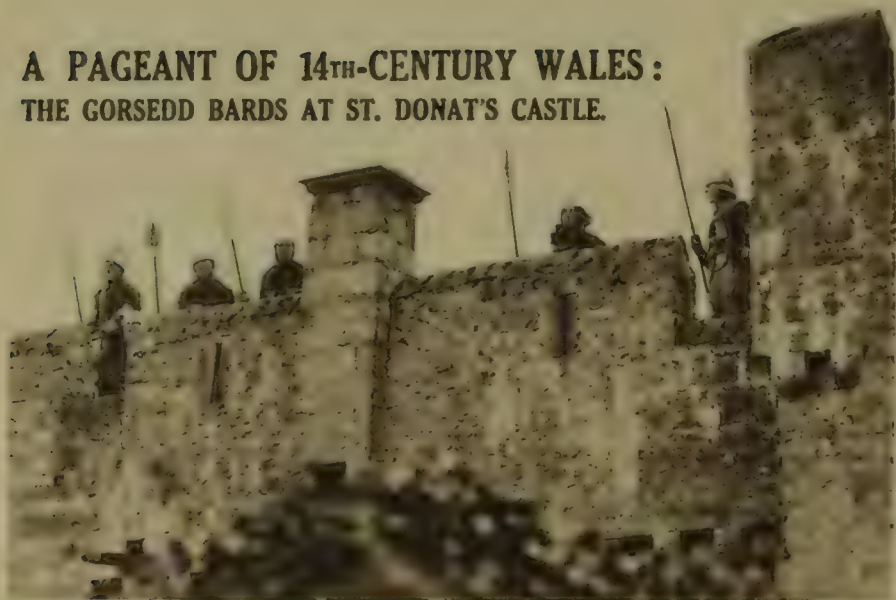


WHEN THE "MONSTER" APPROACHED UNTIL IT WAS ALMOST IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA, AND THEN SANK WITH A LOUD SPLASH: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM TEMPLE PIER, ON JULY 25.

Much more satisfactory results than could reasonably have been anticipated were obtained during the four weeks' search for the Loch Ness "monster" organised by Sir Edward Mountain, Chairman of the Eagle, Star & British Dominions Insurance Co., and later extended by a week, as visibility and weather conditions were bad during the third and fourth weeks. The four weeks came to an end on August 8, and during the period in question the creature was observed by the watchers on twenty-one occasions. Five photographs which appear clearly to prove that there is some strange animal in the loch were secured. Great precautions were taken to make certain that there would be no tampering with the films. Arrangements were made with Kodak, Ltd., who supplied the cameras, that all films should be sealed and developed by the

company's chief chemist. Sir Edward Mountain became interested in the Loch Ness problem from the very beginning and has read extensively the literature published, including the recently published book of Lieut.-Com. R. T. Gould (reviewed in our last issue), who carried out a very close investigation of the mystery. In the main, the accounts given by the watchers agree that, when it is on the surface, the "monster" displays a very small head relative to the size of its body, and moves along the water in such a way as to show two or three humps. Further, all agree that when it is on the surface the creature moves with remarkable speed, which complicates attempts to photograph it. On the other hand, it creates a tremendous wash, which can be seen clearly in pictures secured; notably the one in the centre of this page.

A PAGEANT OF 14TH-CENTURY WALES: THE GORSEDD BARDS AT ST. DONAT'S CASTLE.



THE RAMPARTS OF ST. DONAT'S CASTLE MANNED BY SPEARMEN FOR THE VISIT OF THE GORSEDD BARDS: A REALISTIC PAGEANT OF MEDIEVAL LIFE IN WALES.



THE HERALD BARD OF WALES, ON A GAILY CAPARISONED HORSE, SEEKING ADMITTANCE FOR THE BARDS: CAPTAIN GEOFFREY CRAWSHAY.



GORSEDD BARDS IN THEIR BARDIC ROBES, SOME GREEN, SOME WHITE, ARRIVING AT THE CASTLE.



A BURLESQUE DANCE BY JESTERS WITH MOCK STUFFED PEACOCK AND BOARS' HEADS: A CEREMONY TO BRING IN THE BANQUET; WITH FOURTEENTH-CENTURY HARPISTS AND MEN-AT-ARMS.



A 14TH-CENTURY FEAST, IN THE COSTUME OF THE PERIOD, AT ST. DONAT'S CASTLE: MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE; GWILLI THE ARCHDRUID; DAME MARGARET LLOYD GEORGE; MR. LLOYD GEORGE; MISS HEAD; AND LADY CAREY EVANS (R. TO L.).



THE GUARD AT THE PORTCULLIS OF ST. DONAT'S CASTLE: ACTORS IN A WELSH CEREMONY COMPLETE IN FOURTEENTH-CENTURY DETAIL, INITIATED BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE, WHO DEPUTISED AS HOST FOR MR. HEARST.

At St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire, the historic home of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper owner, there was staged on August 9 a most realistic pageant of fourteenth-century Wales. In Mr. Hearst's absence abroad, Mr. Lloyd George, President of the Welsh National Eisteddfod, deputised as host, and entertained the Gorsedd Bards, to the number of well over a hundred, who came from the Eisteddfod at Neath to visit the castle. Led by Gwili, the Archdruid of Wales, the Bards in their robes, some green, some white, according to their rank in the Gorsedd, approached the castle gates, and before them rode Captain Geoffrey Crawshaw,

the Herald Bard of Wales. After ceremonial parleying at the gate, the Bards were admitted and greeted by the Castellan, Mr. Lloyd George, who led them to the banquet hall. Here they were served with a fourteenth-century feast—"John Dory"; sucking-pig; roast cygnet; roast peacock; beer and red wine. Harpists in the minstrel gallery, clothed in fourteenth-century dress, played fourteenth-century Welsh melodies, and the waiters also wore clothes of the period. At the end of the feast the Bards thanked their host in impromptu Welsh verse. In the courtyard outside, monks carrying torches and chanting anthems walked slowly by.

FARMERS v. POLICE IN CORK: RIOTING AT A SALE OF SEIZED CATTLE.



THE RIOTS IN CORK: THE FIGHT AT THE CATTLE SALE, WHEN A LORRY-LOAD OF YOUNG FARMERS HAD CRASHED THROUGH THE CROWD AND THE POLICE CORDON INTO THE GATES OF THE SALE YARD—POLICE, AFTER THE SHOOTING, ATTACKING WITH BATONS SOME OF THE MEN WHO HAD JUMPED DOWN FROM THE LORRY.



THE LORRY WHICH CONTAINED ABOUT TWELVE YOUNG FARMERS AFTER IT HAD CHARGED INTO THE GATE OF THE CATTLE YARD—AN INCIDENT WHICH PRECIPITATED THE CORK RIOTING, IN WHICH ONE MAN WAS KILLED AND MANY INJURED: POLICE IN FORCE OUTSIDE THE YARD.

One man was killed, five others were wounded by bullets, and over thirty people were injured less seriously in rioting which broke out in Cork on August 13 when farmers and police were engaged. The disturbance arose out of the advertised sale of fourteen cattle which the authorities had seized from the farmers who owned them for non-payment of land annuities. For some time past many of the 30,000 farmers of Cork County have been refusing to pay these annuities to the Government on the ground that they are already paying them in the form of the export duty levied by England. The Government's reply has been to seize and sell the cattle of defaulting farmers. On August 13 thousands of farmers

gathered in Cork to attend a sale of the seized cattle, which were strongly guarded by uniformed Civic Guards and armed detectives. Just before the hour of the sale, a large lorry containing about twelve men cut its way at high speed through the police cordon, and crashed like a battering-ram into the gates of the yard. The police opened fire on the men and wounded several, of whom one died later. Thereafter there was fierce hand-to-hand fighting with batons and sticks between the police and the crowd. Order was not restored until a detachment of troops in full war kit, with steel helmets and tear gas (which was not used), had been hurriedly summoned from Cork Barracks. Finally the sale was held.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MLLE. HÉLÈNE BOUCHER.

Broke the women's air speed record (set up by Mrs. Mae Hazlip, of the United States) at Istres, near Marseilles, on August 11. Reached 276 m.p.h. Holds the women's altitude record for a flight in a light single-seater, and other records. Is twenty-six.



ARCHBISHOP WORRELL.

Archbishop of Nova Scotia and Primate of All Canada. Died August 11; aged eighty-one. Rector of Williamsburg, 1884-86; of Morrisburg, Ontario, 1886-91. Archdeacon of Ontario, 1901. Bishop of Nova Scotia, 1904. Primate, 1931.



MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of many popular novels. Died August 10; aged seventy-nine. Her works include "The Grasshoppers," "Cousin Ivo," "The Severins" (1909), "Anthea's Guest" (1911). Many have an Anglo-German setting.



MR. CECIL HEADLAM.

Well-known historian and scholar. Died August 12. Born September 10, 1872. Edited "The Milner Papers: South Africa, 1897-1899." Author of "India and Burma," "Venetia and Northern Italy," and other travel books; besides some novels.



FRÄULEIN K. KRAUSS.

Outstanding among the German women athletes who won the Fourth Women's World Games at the White City. She won the 100 and 200 metres and was third in the discus-throwing. Germany scored ninety-five points. Poland was second with thirty-three.



PRINCE STARHEMBERG VISITS SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (RIGHT): THE AUSTRIAN VICE-CHANCELLOR, ABOVE A LARGE PORTRAIT OF DR. DOLLFUSS, ADDRESSING YOUNG AUSTRIANS. Prince Starhemberg arrived at Rome by air on August 11, and went on at once to the camp at Ostia, where two hundred Austrian boys, at the invitation of Signor Mussolini, are spending their holidays. In the afternoon Signor Mussolini visited the camp, and in his tent the two statesmen, with Signor Suvich, the Italian Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, conferred together for over an hour.



EX-KING ALFONSO'S YOUNGEST SON KILLED: PRINCE GONZALO, WHO DIED AFTER A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT NEAR KLAGENFURT, AUSTRIA.

Prince Gonzalo, the fourth and youngest son of ex-King Alfonso of Spain, died on August 13 at the age of nineteen. He had been in a motor-car accident on the previous day, when the car in which he was travelling, driven by his sister, Princess Beatrice, swerved to avoid a cyclist and ran into a wall. The Prince was injured in the chest, and, after returning to Pörschach, where he was staying, died, it was reported, from loss of blood. He was a sufferer from hæmophilia.



THE VICEROY AND VICEREINE LEAVE FOR INDIA BY AIR: LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON AT CROYDON.

Lord and Lady Willingdon left Croydon Airport on August 11 on their return journey to India. A number of people, British and Indian, assembled to see their departure by the air liner "Heracles." Lady Willingdon received many bouquets, and when she and Lord Willingdon entered the aeroplane the latter was wearing a floral garland placed round his neck by Indians.



CHAIRING THE BARD AT THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD: THE REV. W. MORRIS (CENTRE), A WELSH PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, OF CONWAY, CARNARVONSHIRE.

The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales was held at Neath on August 9, when a crowd estimated at 20,000 attended the bardic ceremony. The chair was awarded to the ode bearing the pen-name of "Prydydd Aran," the winner being the Rev. W. Morris. Mr. Lloyd George was present and spoke on the danger of war; later returning to St. Donat's Castle to take part, as described on another page, in the mediæval pageant which he had initiated there.



ARCHDUKE OTTO OF AUSTRIA ARRIVING AT COPENHAGEN: A TOUR OF THE NORTHERN CAPITALS DURING RUMOURS OF A POSSIBLE RESTORATION.

Archduke Otto, son of the ex-Empress Zita, left Belgium on August 8 for a holiday in Scandinavia, visiting Copenhagen and Stockholm, and arranging to go on to Oslo. His movements were of interest in view of current rumours of a possible Habsburg restoration, not only to the throne of Austria, but also to that of Hungary. It was first said that he was going to visit Italy. Neither Signor Mussolini nor the representatives of the Little Entente favour a restoration.



So bracing!

Tonic—keen and bracing as an easterly breeze. A tang as fresh-
ening to the palate as the flick of spray on the cheek. A dance
of sparkling bubbles much nearer than the Solent . . . tonic by

Schweppes

A P P O I N T M E N T T O H I S M A J E S T Y T H E K I N G



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A GREAT UNKNOWN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of Waldburg-Wolfegg-Waldsee. Of the ninety engravings from his hand, no less than sixty are unique examples at Amsterdam; there are also thirty-two copies of his designs by the engraver who signed B x S, and by the better-known and prolific Israel Van Meckenem.

He can be very serious, pointing out how the glories of this world come to dust, as in a famous print of three kings meeting three skeletons—a dreadful and powerful composition; he can also be jolly with a fine robustness, as in a little print of a young nobleman

on her victim's shoulders. From this to our master's admirable little illustration of the legend of Aristotle and Phyllis is no great distance. There are several versions of the story, the gist of which is that Alexander (Aristotle was his tutor, it will be remembered) took a legitimate pleasure in watching the philosopher being ridden round the courtyard by the mischievous damsel he had introduced to him. This particular story first makes its appearance in mediæval literature in the twelfth century; I must resist the temptation to quote at length much tolerable Latin and very good French verse on the subject, but what follows, from a little poem by Jean Lefèvre (early fourteenth century) is a fair example—he makes particular mention of Solomon and Aristotle, and continues—

Bien a lieu ce que je vous preuve,
Que la femme, si com l'en treuve,
Desçut tous les plus grans du monde;
J'ay raison sur quoy je me fonde.

Tous furent mis hors de raison;
Par femmes furent surmontés,
Dedeüs, vaincus et domtés

—mounted, deceived, vanquished and tamed.

In the other print Solomon is made to worship an idol by, perhaps, the Queen of Sheba herself. But the Old Testament does not mention that she led Solomon astray in this respect; so perhaps it is one of his other wives—"the women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites." There were two other stories with the same moral that were favourite subjects with mediæval man—Samson and Delilah, and the less familiar legend of how Virgil (whose reputation was that of a sorcerer more than that of a poet) was tied up and hung out of a window in a basket by a woman. It is possible that our unknown master also engraved two plates of these scenes, but if so they have not survived.

It is hardly necessary to point out that he has, in each case, treated the theme with an impish humour that is extremely attractive; add to this great virtue his immense ability on the purely technical side of the engraver's art, and it is no wonder that he is hailed to-day by his compatriots as a national asset of real importance—an opinion which outsiders can share with a good conscience.

One curious point revealed by a closer study of his engravings and the drawings that can be ascribed to



A REMARKABLE ENGRAVING BY AN UNKNOWN GERMAN MASTER WHO IS SOMETIMES CALLED "THE MASTER OF THE HAUSBUCH": A SINGULARLY FINE RENDERING OF A LOVE-SCENE; DATING FROM THE LATE FIFTEENTH, OR THE EARLY SIXTEENTH, CENTURY.

who has an onion as his heraldic emblem, or of an elegant young lady, whose emblem is—a radish. He can also be tenderly sentimental, as in the really charming print of "The Two Lovers"—one of the very few fifteenth-century engravings which are absolutely first-class and wholly secular in subject. It is a tender little scene, but described without false sentiment; what gifts of observation are here, what a direct approach to a subject which could so easily slip away into banality!

The other two illustrations exhibit our unknown in a

different mood. They are two circular compositions designed to show how the wisest and greatest of men can be enslaved by the opposite sex—a theme which has been the excuse for a deal of dreary moralising from time immemorial to the present day. All religious systems which elevate chastity—or, rather, celibacy—into a virtue have provided their votaries with stories of the downfall of man by the devilish charms of woman, and one has not far to look for similar legends to that of Adam and Eve in other cultures. To mention only one, the Chinese pilgrim, Hsiouen-Thang, writing in 648 A.D. of his travels in India, says he visited a Stupa, built by King Asoka, where once lived a powerful monarch who lost his divine faculties by the wiles of a woman, and that the latter was portrayed as mounted



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF A GREAT MAN LED ASTRAY BY FEMININE WILES, AS CONCEIVED BY THE "MASTER OF THE HAUSBUCH": KING SOLOMON BEING INDUCED BY ONE OF HIS WIVES TO WORSHIP AN IDOL; A COMPOSITION INTO WHICH THE ARTIST HAS INTRODUCED ONE OF THE LITTLE DOGS HE EXCELLED IN DRAWING.

him with reasonable confidence, is that he understands dogs better than horses, and faces better than hands—but the same, or similar criticism, can be levelled at many greater men, and in no way detracts from his stature—and how naturally and beautifully the dresses of the figures fall into stiff, yet soft folds! Perhaps it is this which once made people think he might have studied under Van Eyck.

I AM informed that one result of the change of régime in Germany has been to set German publishers busily looking into the artistic history of their country in the search for painters and engravers of indubitable Nordic stock uncontaminated by non-Aryan influence. Their choice is rather circumscribed, partly because it is difficult to define the word "German," and partly also because great personalities such as Dürer were not above going south and learning a thing or two from Italians; indeed, the Renaissance man of culture, whatever his birthplace and whatever the colour of his hair and eyes, seems to me to have felt at home in most countries and to have believed, with the late Mr. F. S. Oliver, quoted recently in the House by Mr. Baldwin, that "to be a good European is no mean patriotism"—while, to skip a century or two, the great Frederick himself had a lamentable admiration for French painters and French philosophy. However, national pride and pseudo-scientific Aryan hysterics apart, here is a man to be admired both by the perfervid Nazi and lesser breeds of the human race. He exhibits the German genius in one of its most delightful manifestations, he has wit and humour, a very distinct personality, and was very little influenced by foreign artists. He owes a certain debt to the anonymous engraver known to us only by his initials, E.S., and to Martin Schougauer, but what he learnt from them he used in his own way. We know he was working between the years 1465 and 1505, that he was a painter as well as an engraver, that his influence was centred around Frankfort and Mainz, and that he is not far removed from Dürer himself in ability. His name we do not know, and so far the labours of a whole generation of scholars have failed to provide a solution to the problem. All sorts of theories have been suggested—he has been identified with personalities as divergent in character as Hans Holbein the older and the delightful painter Zeitblom of Ulm—but not one of these suggestions has survived critical analysis, and it looks as if his identification will remain one of those tantalising puzzles which occur from time to



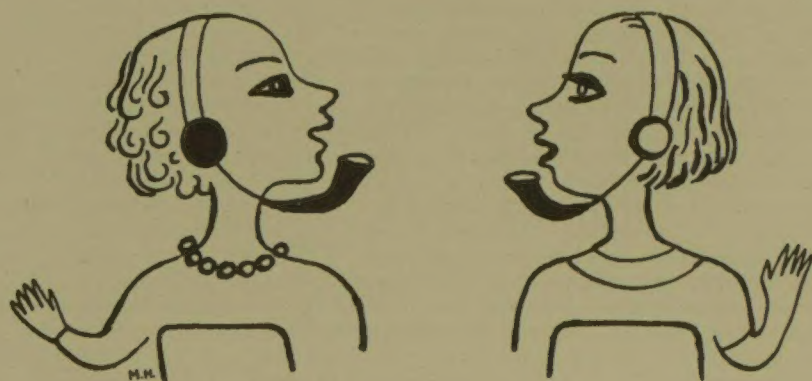
THE IMPISH HUMOUR OF THE "MASTER OF THE HAUSBUCH," WHO WORKED BETWEEN 1465 AND 1505—HIS INFLUENCE BEING CENTRED ROUND FRANKFORT AND MAINZ: ARISTOTLE RIDDEN BY PHYLLIS, THE YOUNG LADY WHO, ACCORDING TO A MEDIAEVAL LEGEND, SUBDUED THE PHILOSOPHER'S INTELLECT WITH HER CHARMS.

time in the history of art to stimulate and perplex the student.

Most of his engravings are to be found in the Print Room at Amsterdam, and hence he is known in the text-books by the cumbersome title of "The Master of The Amsterdam Cabinet"; he is also called "The Master of the Hausbuch" (or Housebook), a delightfully illustrated volume belonging to the Prince

"P.M.G."

said the telephone girl—
meaning



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said the Motorist, meaning, naturally, that he wanted
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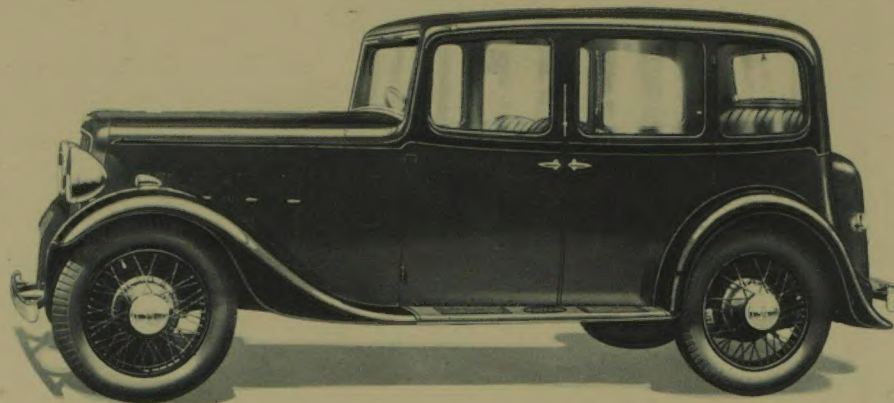
By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE 1934-35 motor-car season started on Aug. 13, when the Austin Motor Company presented their 1935 cars before some 1200 leading motor dealers at the Longbridge Works, near Birmingham. Sir Herbert Austin is this year's President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders so that it was fitting that he should open the new season with a display of the new Austin models. It was a splendid exhibition of the latest designs in coachwork due to its large variety of types of touring and sports cars. All the Austin cars, from the "Baby Seven" to the stately 23.5 h.p. Austin "Twenty" Mayfair limousine, have easy-changing synchromesh gears for second, third, and top ratios. There are new de luxe saloons on the "Seven," "Ten-four," "Sixteen" and "Eighteen" Austin chassis, new improved headlamps on all models, foot-operated dip and switch (except on the 12.8 h.p. "Twelve-Four" car) and dual wind-screen wipers, except on the "Seven." Larger tyres

and bumpers are fitted on the new "Seven Saloon" and cabriolet. A new frontal appearance of the 1935 Austin cars makes them very distinctive. In fact, the "dropped" chassis of the new "Seven," its new radiator and its "Ruby" 4-seatersaloon body, makes it a most elegant small car of very prepossessing appearance. Also, at £120 with sliding roof or £112 with fixed head, it is marvellous value for the price. The "Pearl" Cabriolet at £128 is another taking model in this (7.8 h.p.) "Baby Seven" programme for the coming season, so that

with the sports models and the £100 two-seater a wide range of choice is offered to the motoring public of very moderate means.

There are four distinct four-cylinder-engined Austin models this year, the "Twelve-Four" (12.8 h.p.), the "Light-Twelve-Four" (11.9 h.p.), the "Ten-Four" (9.996 h.p.), and the "Seven" (7.8 h.p.), each with a range of five or six different styles of coachwork, both open and closed. Prices range from £275 for the fixed head "Twelve-Four" saloon, £198 for the "Light-Twelve-Four," £158 for the "Ten-Four," and £112 for the "Seven" Saloon. A choice of engines of 15.9 h.p. and 17.9 h.p. are given without extra charge on the Austin six-cylinder "Hertford" saloon at £318, and the purchaser may have either a 13.9 h.p. or a 15.9 h.p. six-cylinder motor in the Austin "Light-Six" models, the saloon costing £215. In these two ranges of six-cylinder cars there are the attractive "Kempton" and "Newbury" sports saloons. The



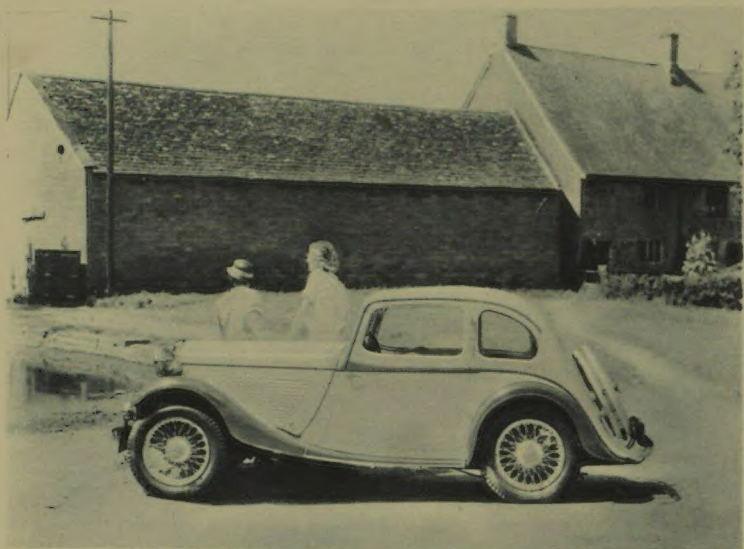
ONE OF THE AUSTIN MODELS FOR 1935: A "LIGHT TWELVE" ASCOT SALOON—DISCUSSED BY MR. RUTTER IN HIS ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE.

"Chalfont" saloon is a most imposing carriage at £338; the larger "Twenty" limousine costing £595.

Two days later, on Aug. 15, the Standard Motor Company gave their distributors a fine display of their 1935 cars at the Canley Works, Coventry. Sports cars are the present trend of fashion in the 1935 models, so the Standard Motor Company provide their customers with a fairly well streamlined two-door saloon on the speed chassis, and also on the 10-h.p. chassis; whilst a radio model is included on the four-cylinder 12-h.p. range, on the de luxe model, adding £16 more to the price of the 1934 de luxe saloon. There is a new four-door "Nine" saloon in addition to the present range. This year (1935 season) the "Nine" Standard saloon is listed at £145, the "Ten" saloon at £185, the "Twelve" and "Fourteen" saloon de luxe at £239, and the 14 h.p. or 12 h.p. Standard saloon at £219, while the 16 h.p. or 20 h.p. de luxe costs £285, and the 20 h.p. limousine seven-seater £395.

"THE DISTRESSED POET."

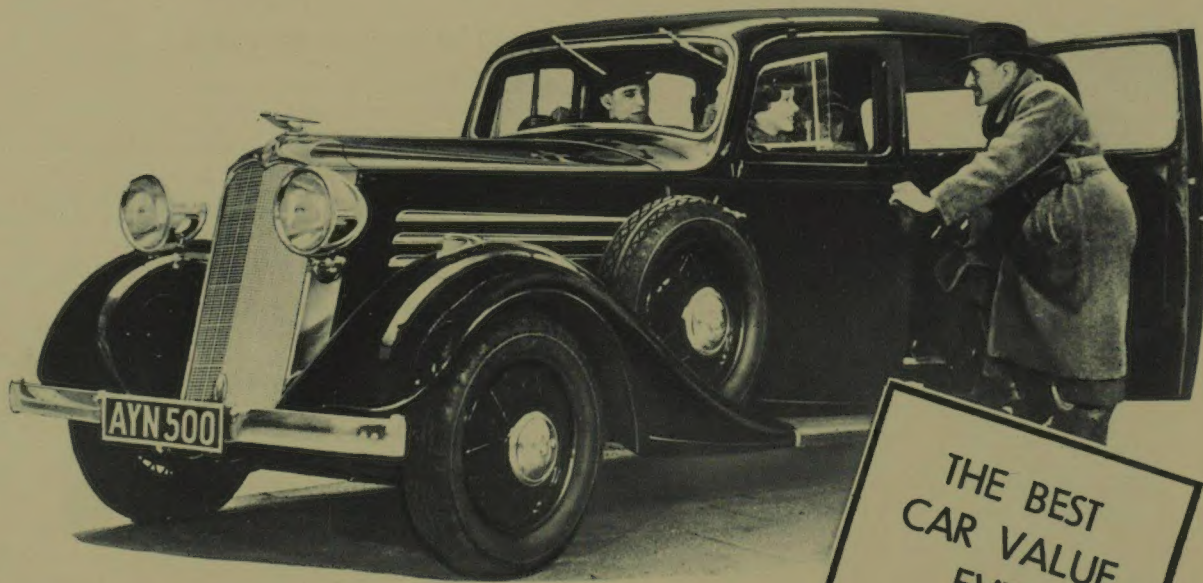
We much regret that, in describing Hogarth's painting, "The Distressed Poet," recently presented to the Birmingham Art Gallery, and illustrated in our issue of Aug. 4, we stated that the picture was formerly in the Duke of Grosvenor's Collection. This should, of course, have read "the Earl of Grosvenor's Collection." We must apologise for a most unlucky slip of the pen.



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